

DUGGAN | NOTO

DEVIL'S REIGN



MARVEL



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DEVIL'S REIGN: X-MEN #1-3

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[devilsreignxmen_01]

“Wilson Fisk ruled this city by fear... but it wasn’t his only weapon. He had his fat fingers into everything, and when fear wasn’t enough, there were whispers of invisible women that made sure the men and institutions bent to his will. And it worked. He’s the most powerful man in the most important city in the world. ”

-- AN UNNAMED REPORTER ABOUT TOWN

[devilsreignxmen_01]



[devilsreignxmen_01]

The past.

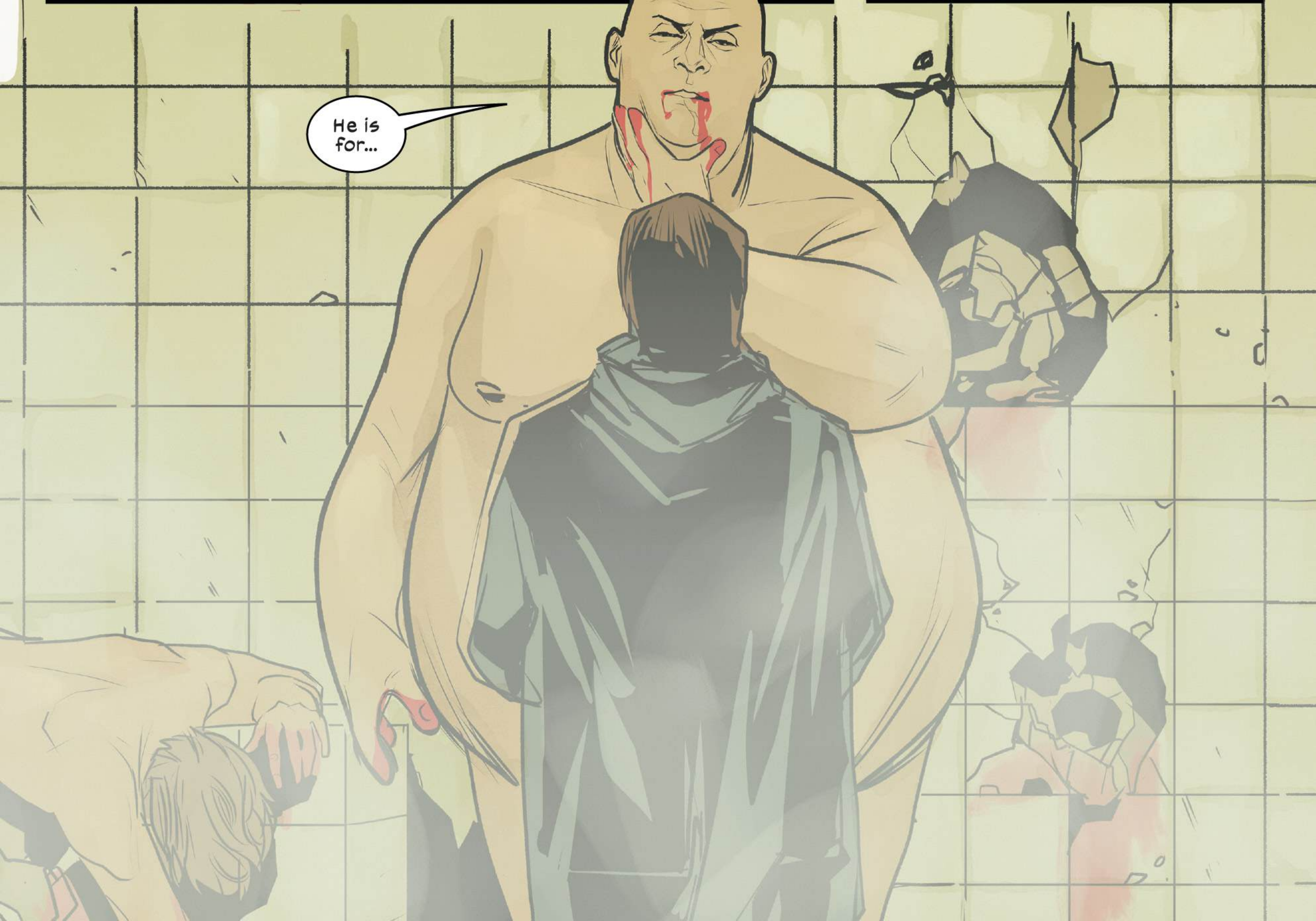
Enter,
Wesley.

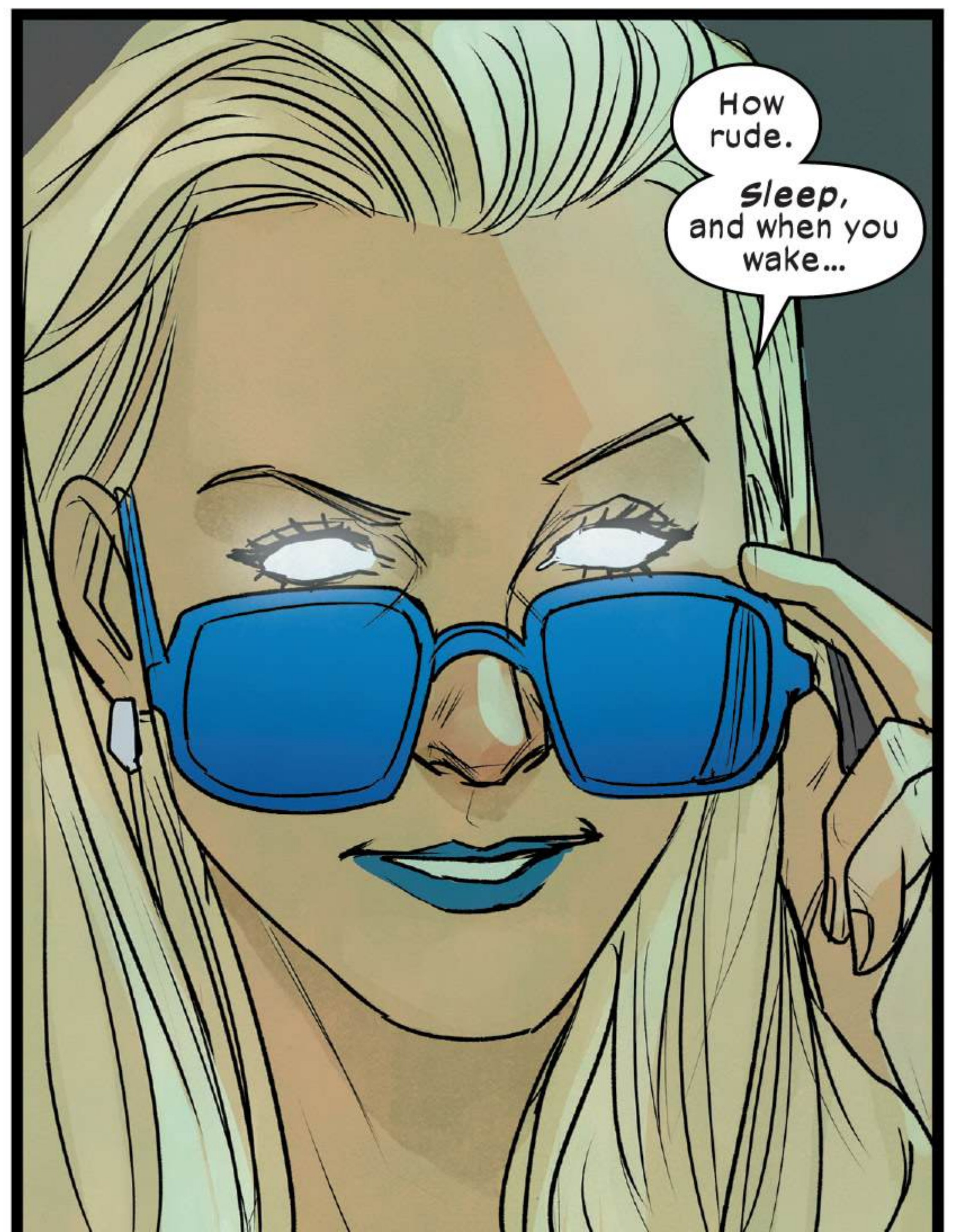
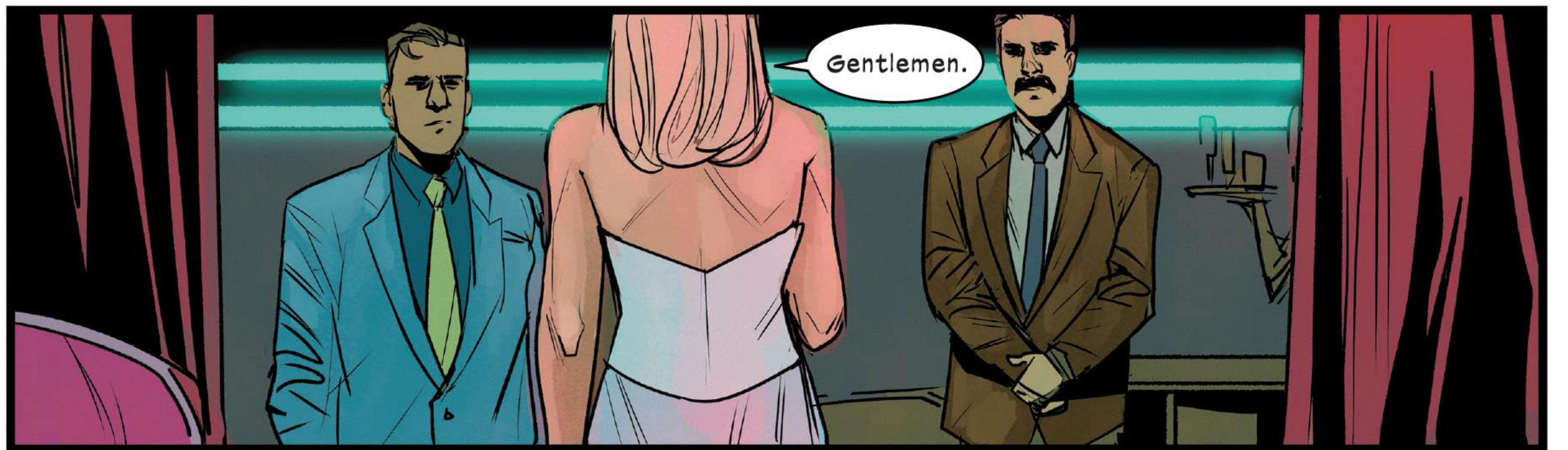
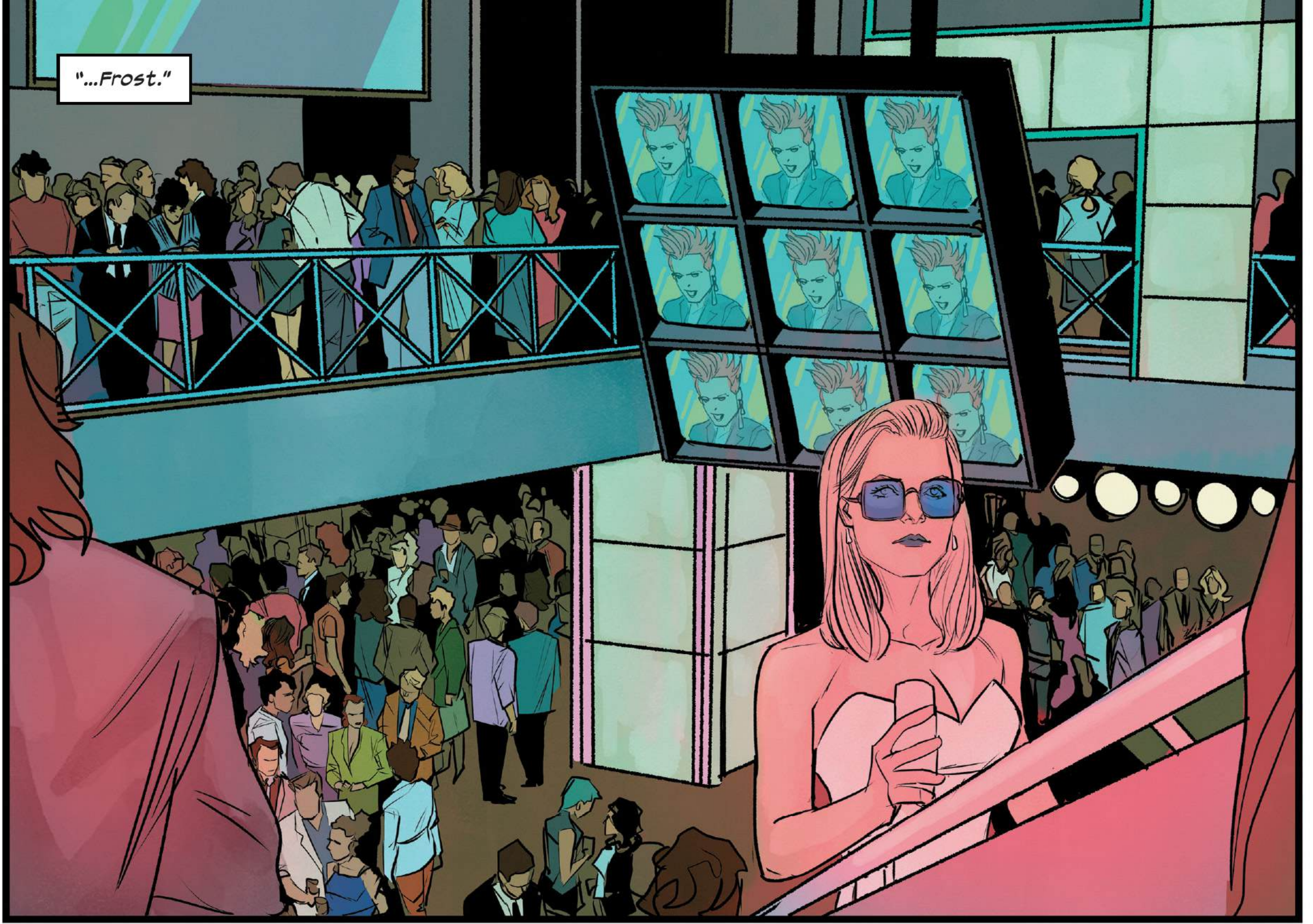


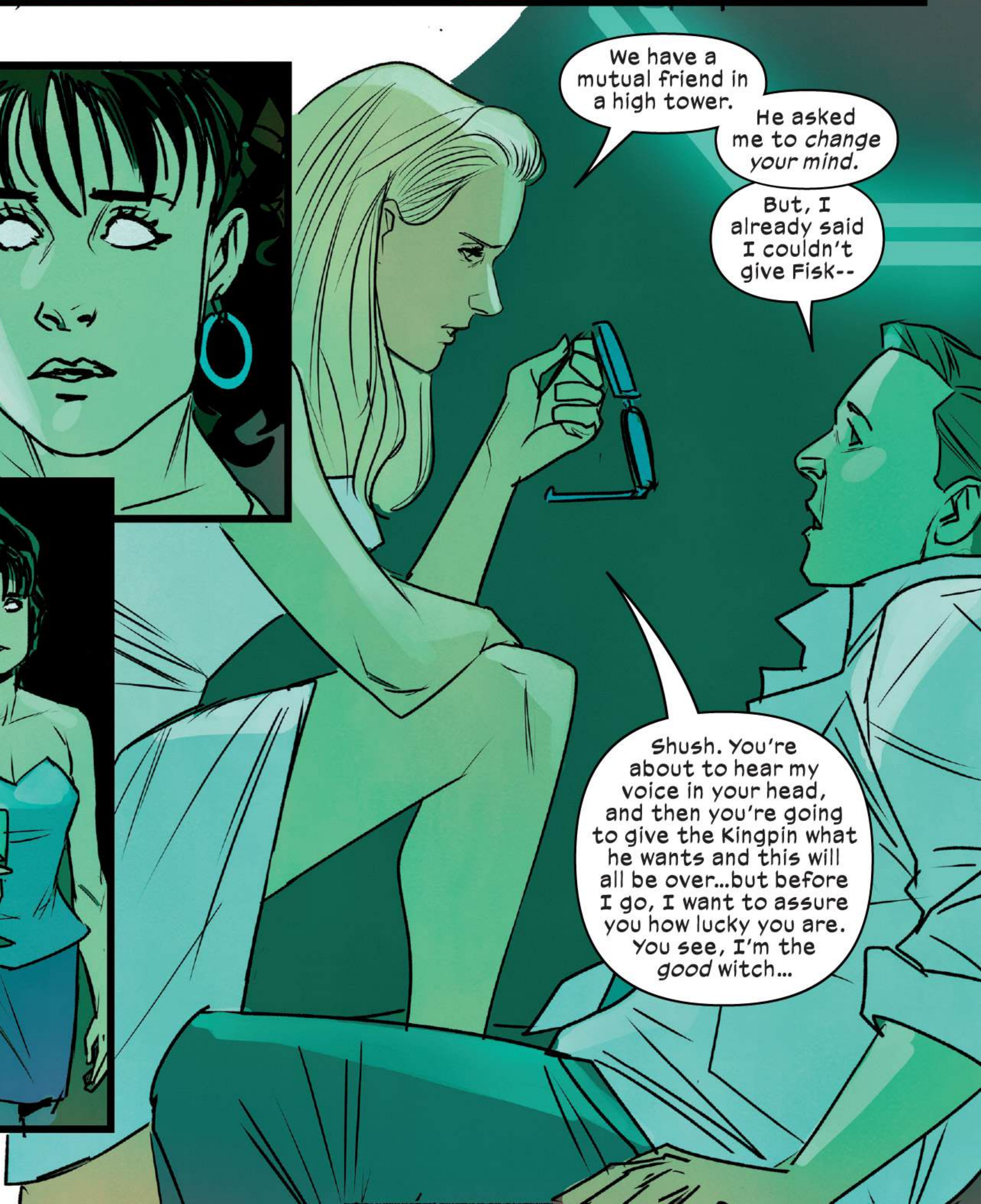
Heh. This
job...







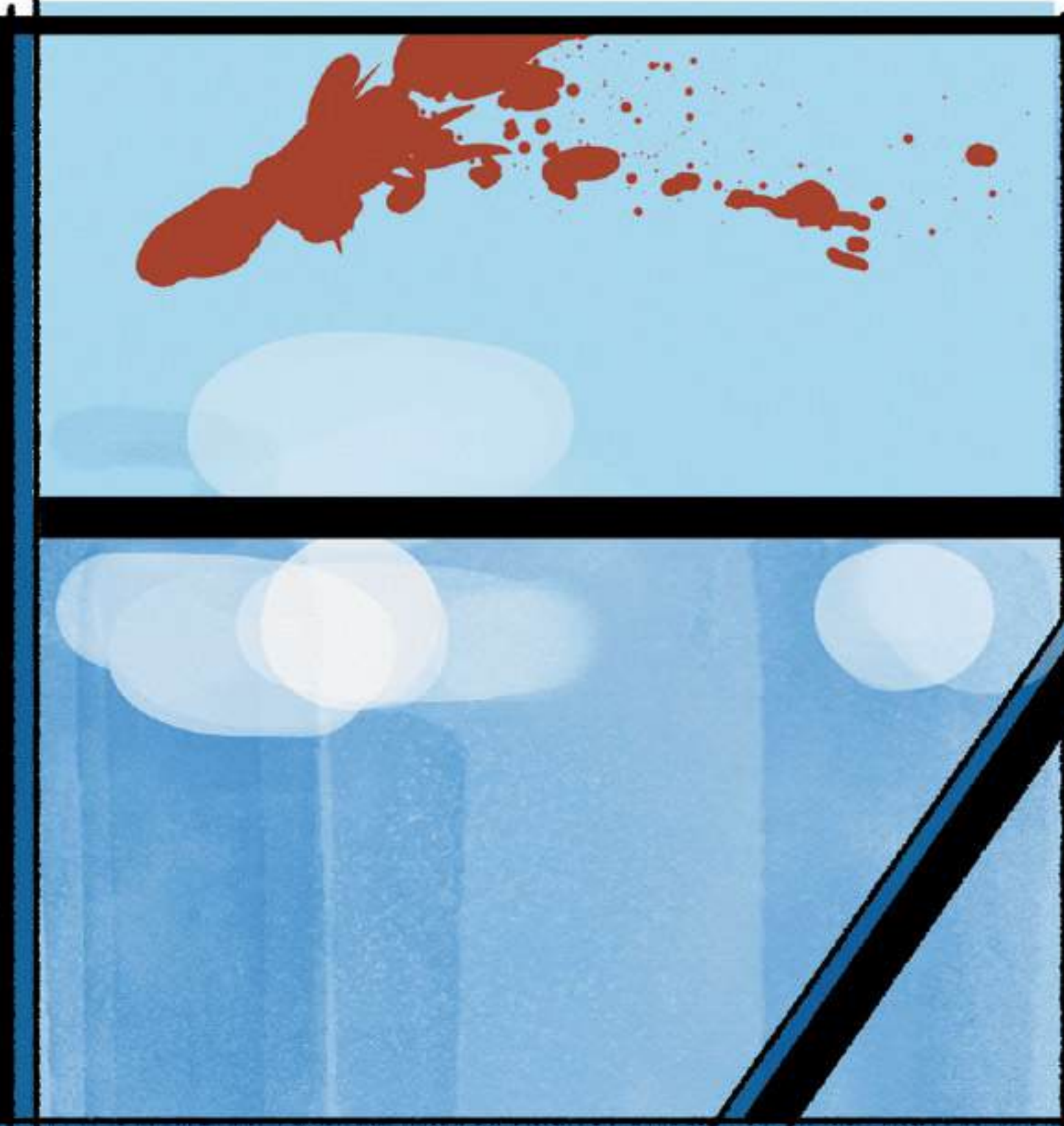








"Pray you never see the bad witch..."



"...because that means you're dead."



SECRETS OF THE PAST

No outlaw has evaded more justice than Wilson Fisk, former kingpin of a vast criminal empire and now the duly elected mayor of New York. Fisk has failed to wash his hands of his old life and has set his ire upon the city and every costume vigilante in it -- including the newly elected X-Men, who have just publically lost their leader, Cyclops, while responding to a rampage in Manhattan. Needing to protect the truth about mutant resurrection, Cyclops has taken on the persona of Captain Krakoa and returned to the public eye to lead the X-Men, currently operating out of a Krakoa-grown base known as the Treehouse.



Emma Frost



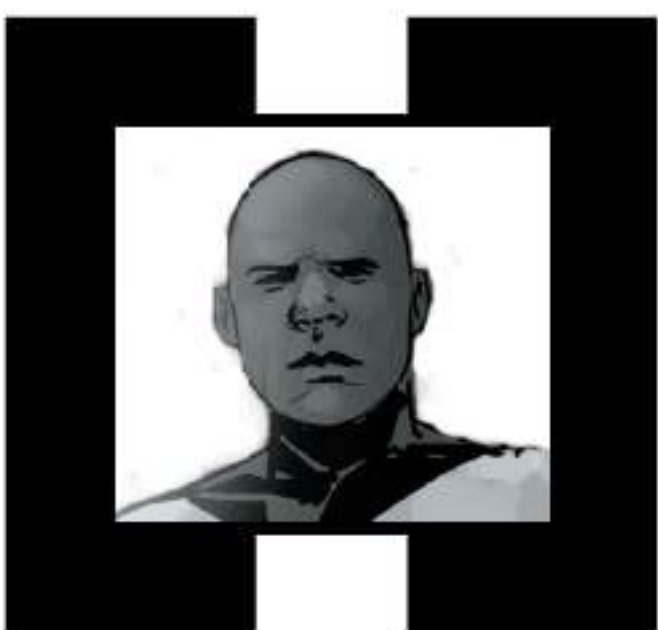
Jean Grey



Captain
Krakoa



Polaris



Synch



Rogue



Wolverine



Kingpin



Elektra

Seneca Park,
a gift from
mutantdom
to the city
of New York.

Now.

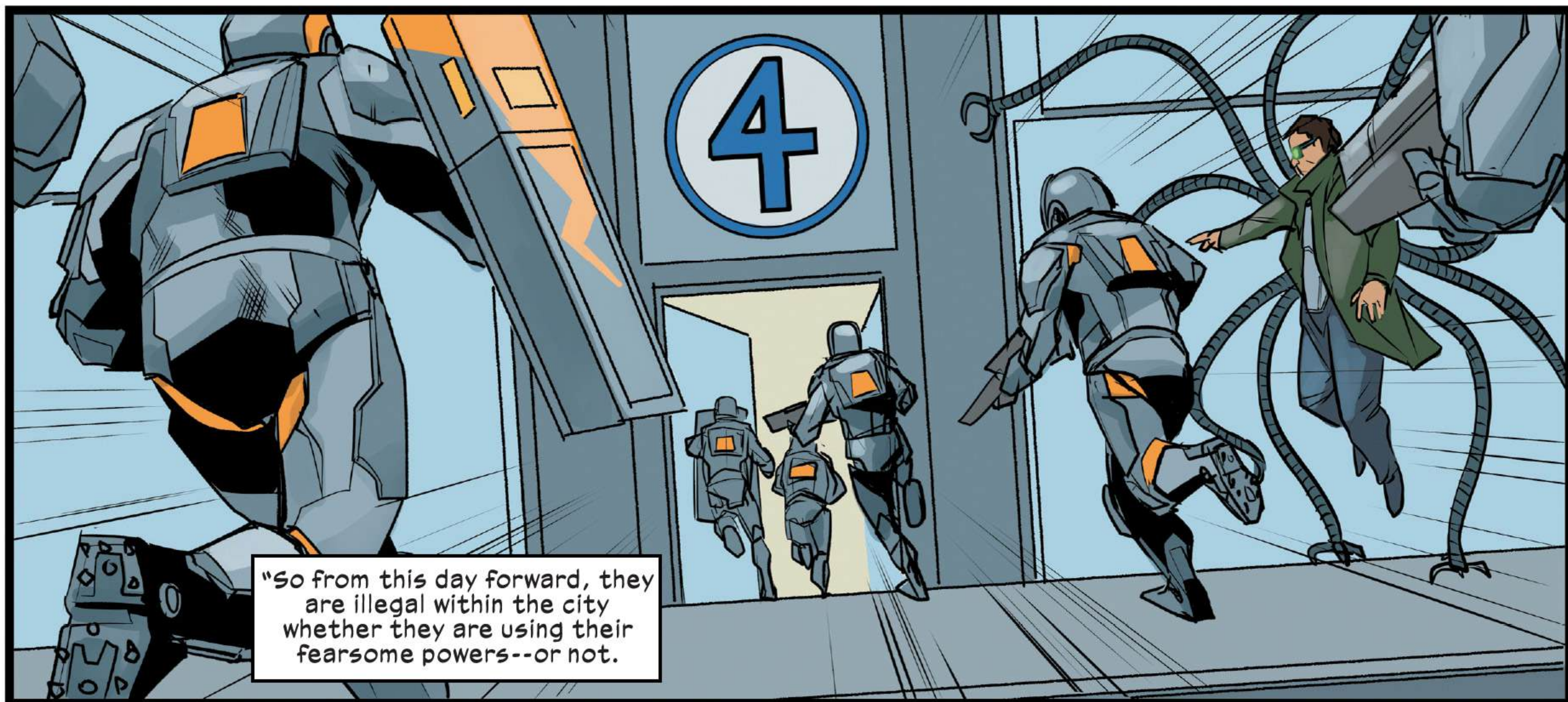
"My fellow
Knickerbockers..."

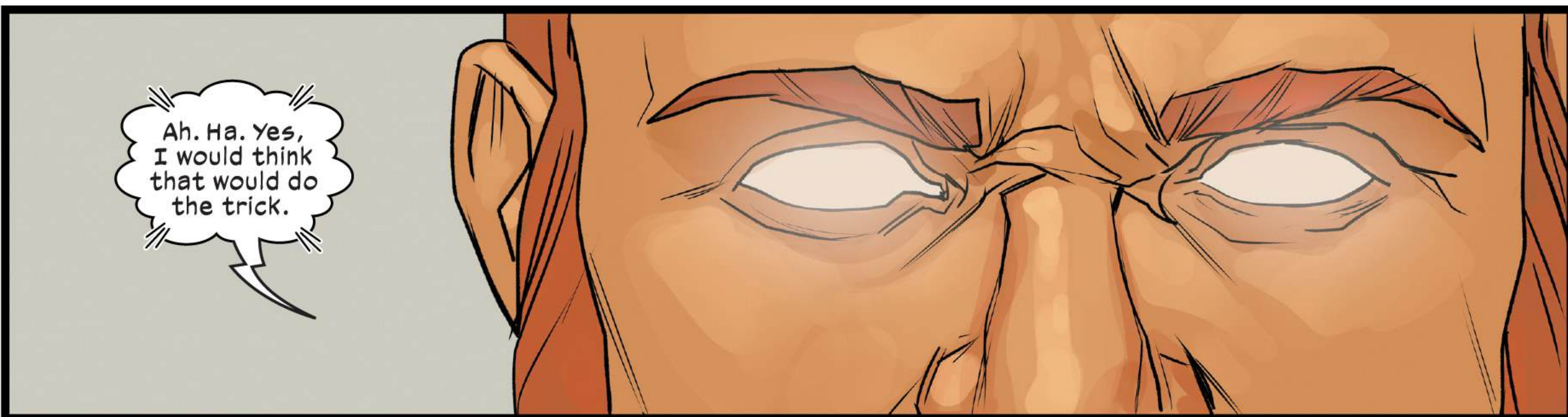
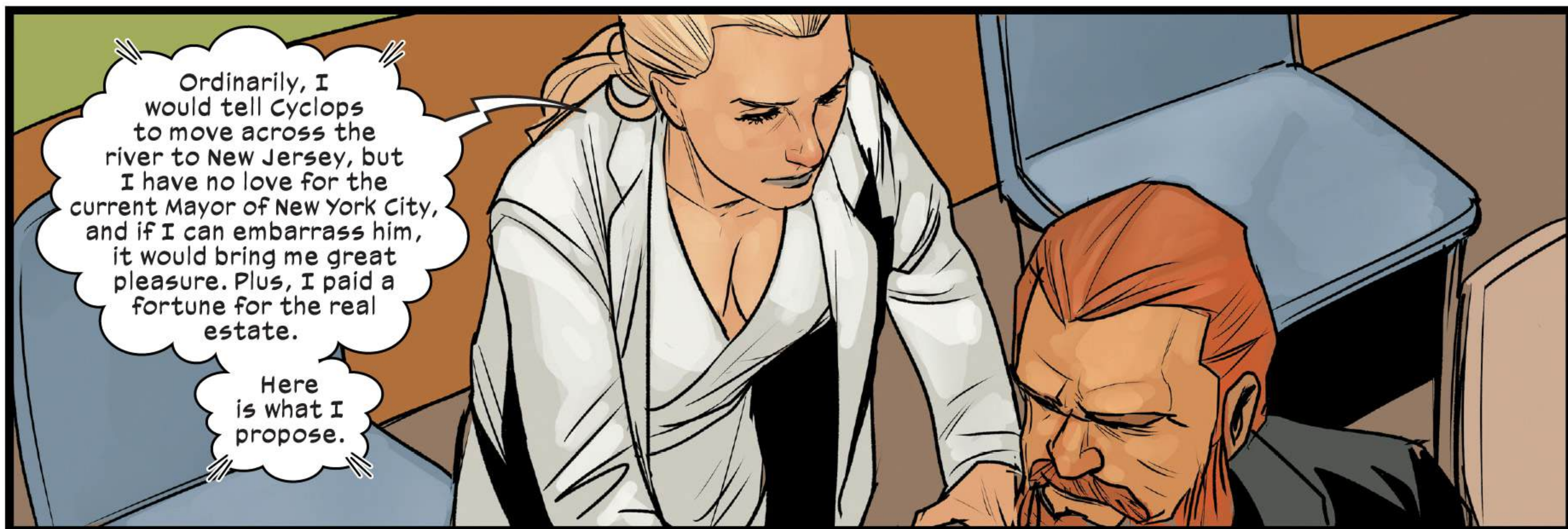
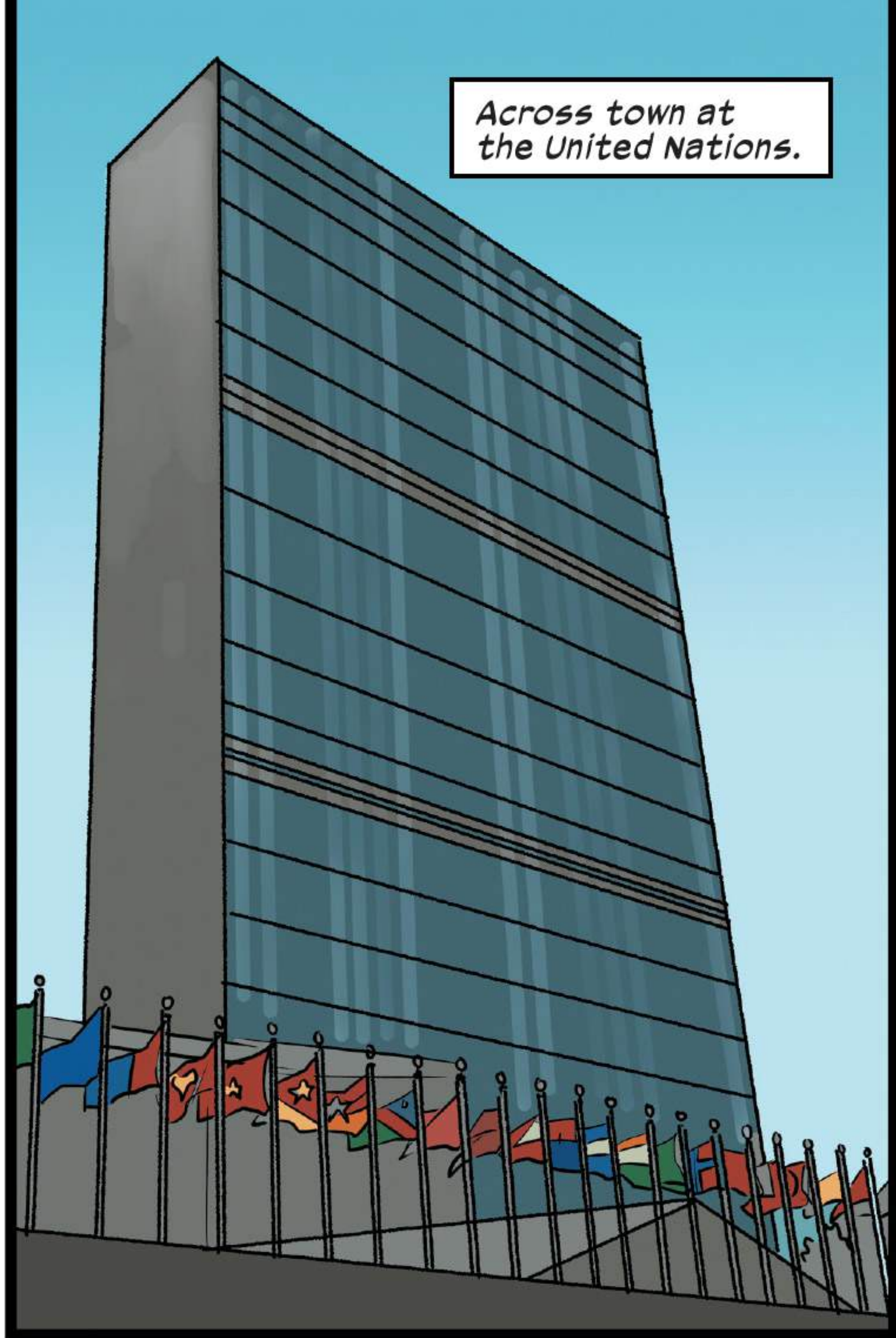
"...our heroic
security forces
are now fanning
out throughout
the city..."

...to protect us
from the walking
weapons that we
have lived in fear of
for far too long.

This is
Rogue to all
points. Ah figure we
got a flaming bag
of crap at our
front door.

To that
way of life
I say: no
more.









...Polaris.

I thought we were playing frisbee.

The kids play it down in the yard all the time.

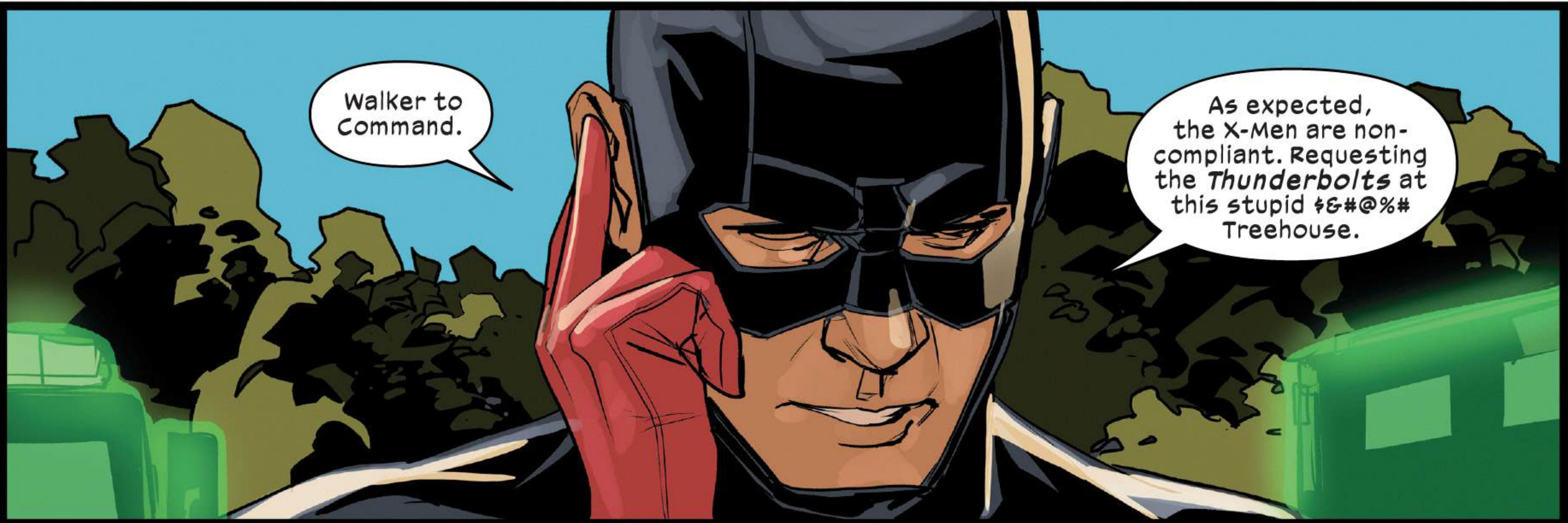


Deploy.



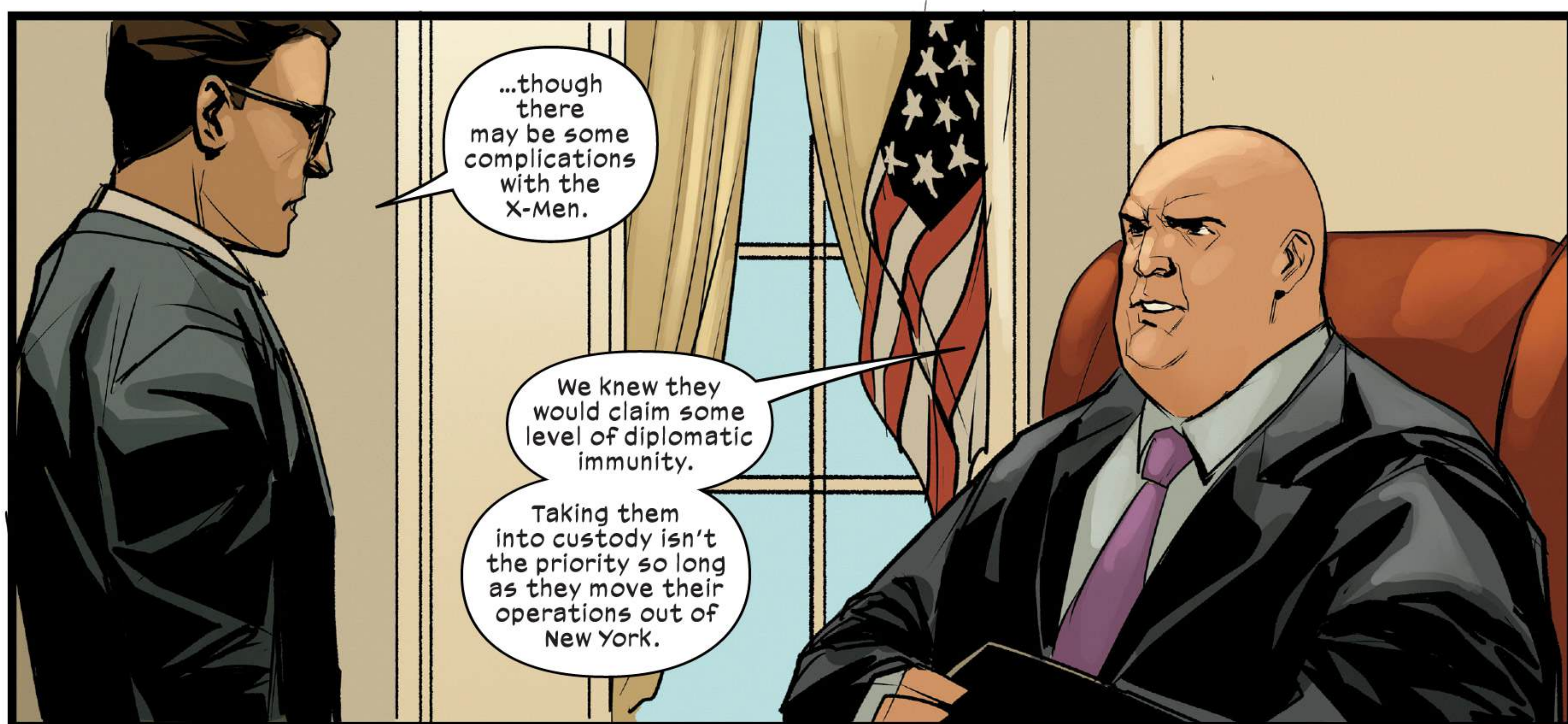
Sir, uh...

U.S. Agent, we are having... ~~uff~~ problems deploying at present.



Walker to Command.

As expected, the X-Men are non-compliant. Requesting the *Thunderbolts* at this stupid ~~stupid~~ Treehouse.





There's no need for any fight.

Well, there's no need to fight, but we could if y'all wanna.

But we're not going to fight...in front of the cameras.

Can we start over, John Walker?

Where's the shield?

I threw it back to you, but I think I overshot Manhattan.

UGHN!

Polaris. You don't know who you're messing with--





--We're **THE THUNDERBOLTS!**



What're you doing, Rhino?
You look ridiculous over there. Remy's gonna be very disappointed.



Ain't nothin' personal, sugar.
Just business.



Electro-- you think I'm afraid of going into the hole?!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS!



Lorna--
wait.
We'd
only be
helping
them.



I've fought
the original
Wolverine...

...but
not this
pretender.

Oh, dude.
I'm so not
interested.



This...
whatever this
is--is an illegal
structure and is
being seized by
the City of
New York.

Now
open that
gate.

That
won't be
possible.



Well then, I
guess we'll just
have the Parks
Department come
down with their
tree chippers and
dump trucks.

You will
do no such
thing...



...the Treehouse is now recognized by the United Nations as a consulate of the sovereign nation of Krakoa.



The X-Men posted here are on a good will mission for the betterment of all mankind, and indeed all life on planet Earth.

I would throw you out of Seneca Gardens, but it remains an open green space for all New Yorkers...even you, Mr. Walker.

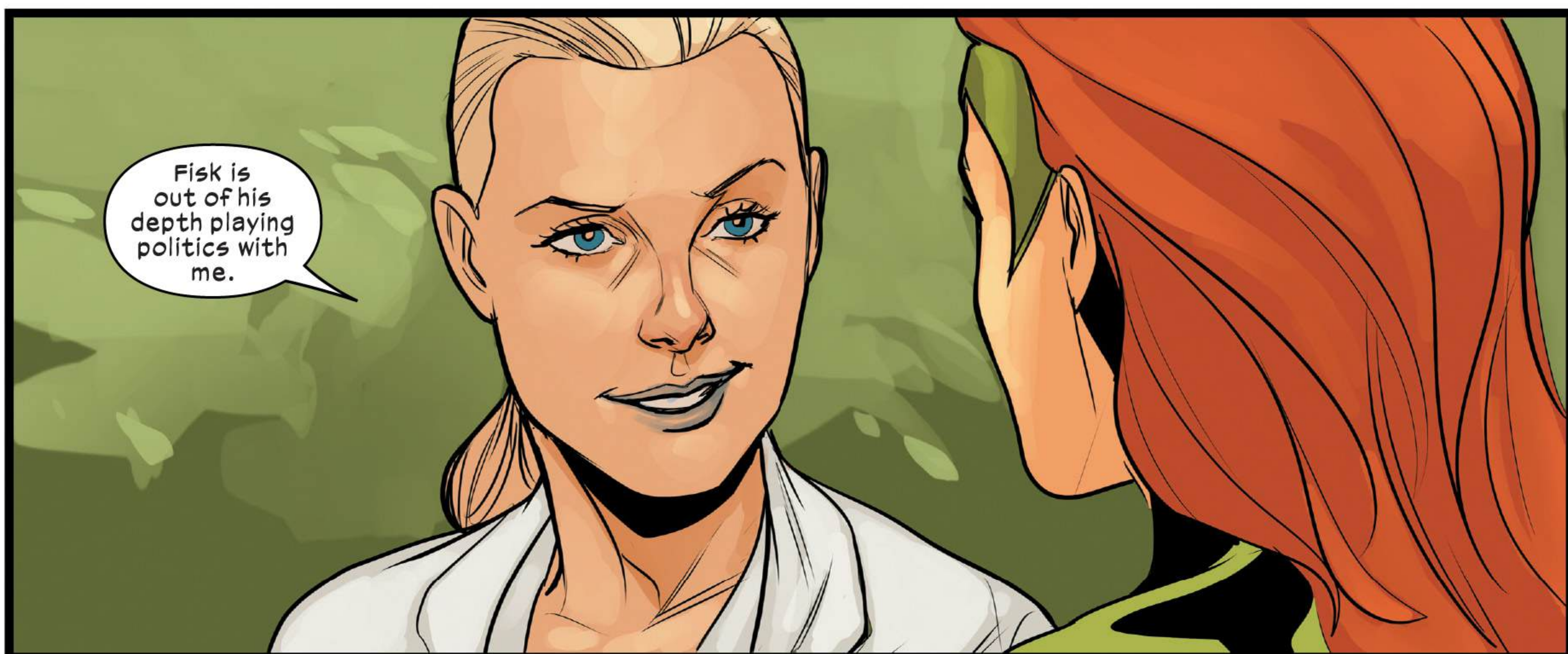


U.S. Agent to HQ. The mutants look like they got blue hats from the U.N.

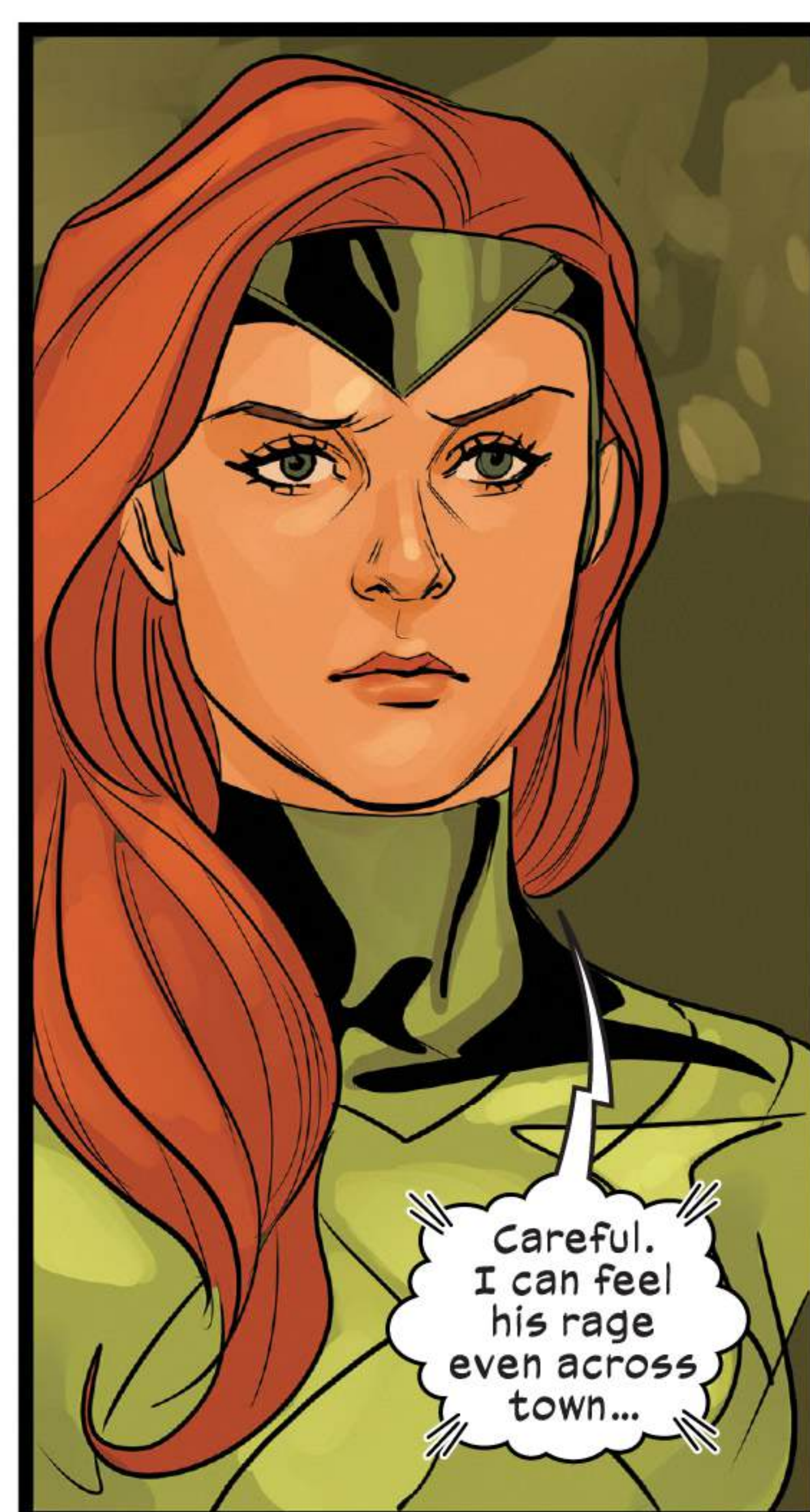


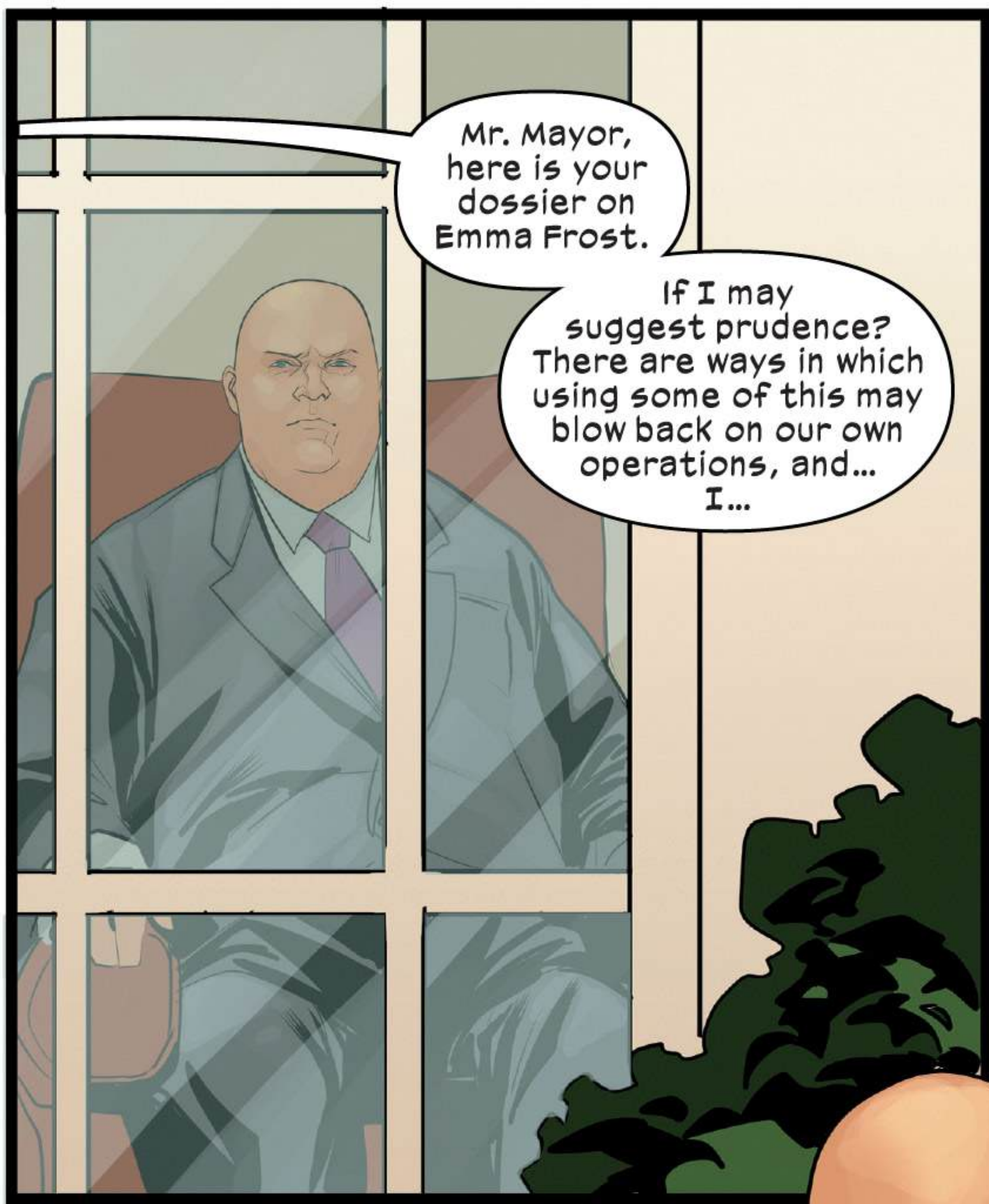
I see.

Stand by, U.S. Agent.



Fisk is out of his depth playing politics with me.







[devilsreignxmen_01]

“When you push to change the world,
it pushes back.”

-- EMMA FROST

[devilsreignxmen_01]



[devilsreignxmen_01]





[devilsreignxmen_02]

“When observing Frost, make sure the photographer has the absolute minimum of information, and the longest lens available. Distance will serve us well, Mr. Wesley.”

-- WILSON FISK

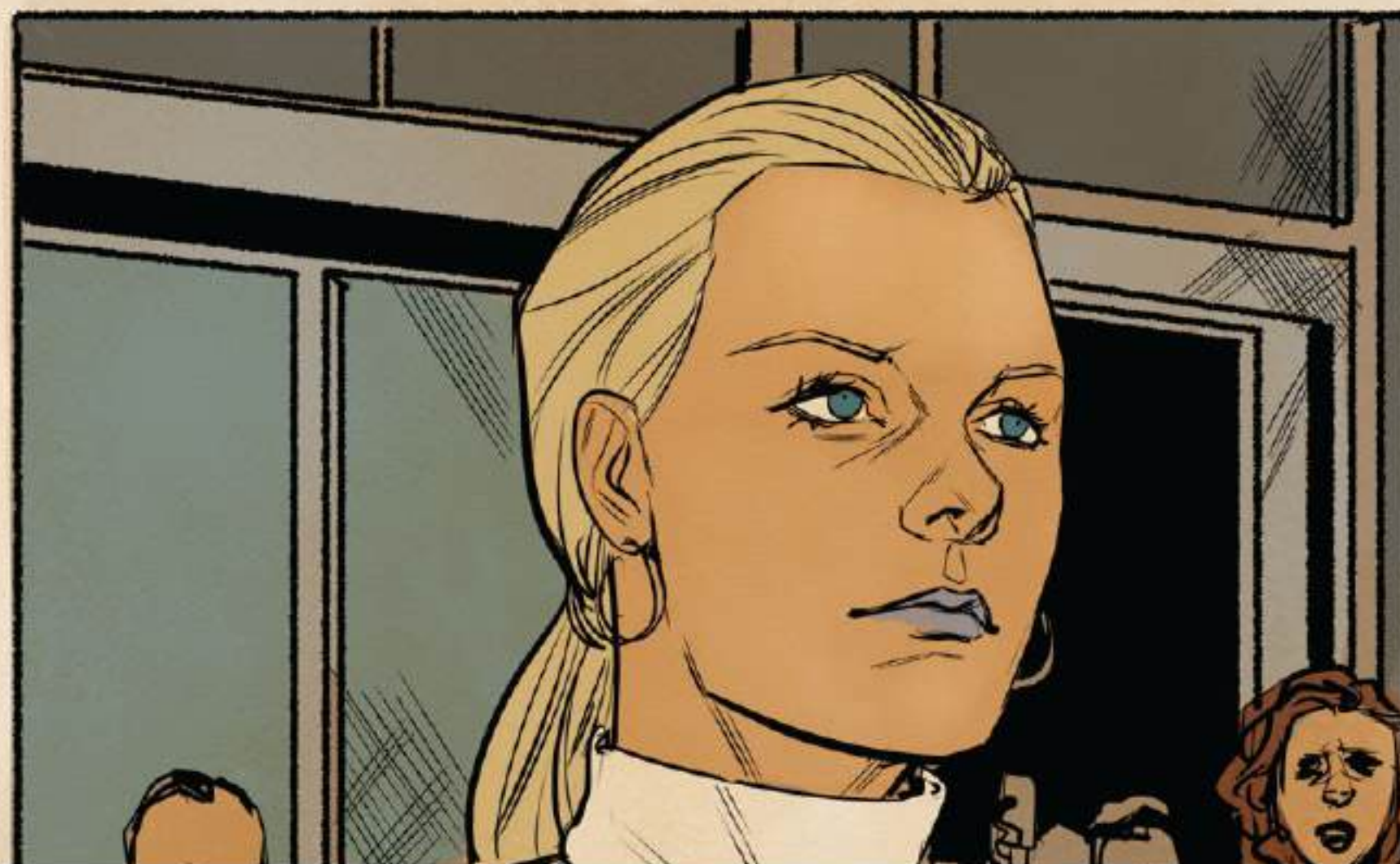
[devilsreignxmen_02]



[devilsreignxmen_02]

NEW YORK BULLETIN

WHITE QUEEN IN JEOPARDY? Shock As Frost Connected to Cold Case Murder



Back at the law
offices of Harris,
Oppenheim &
Gallagher.

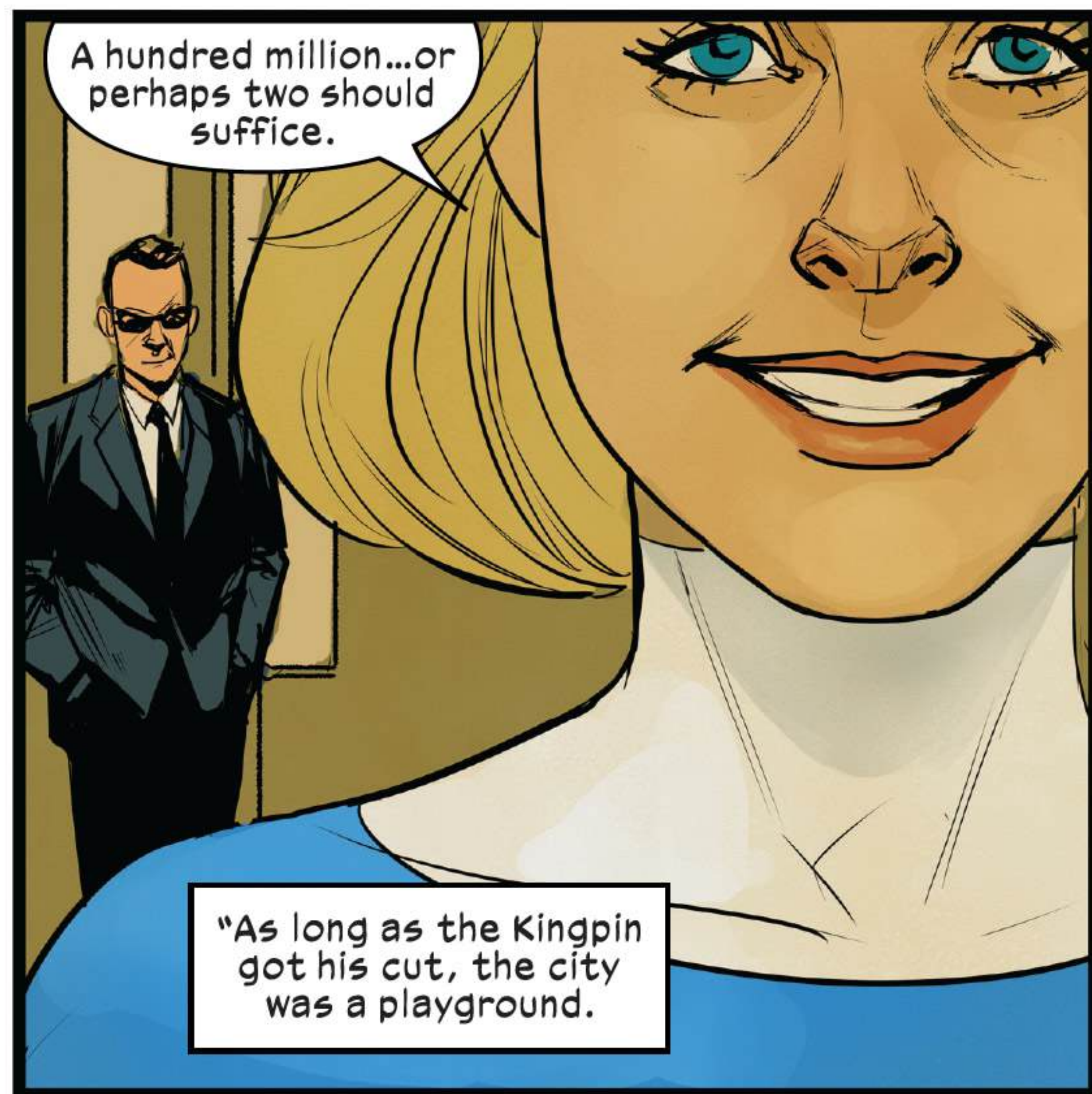
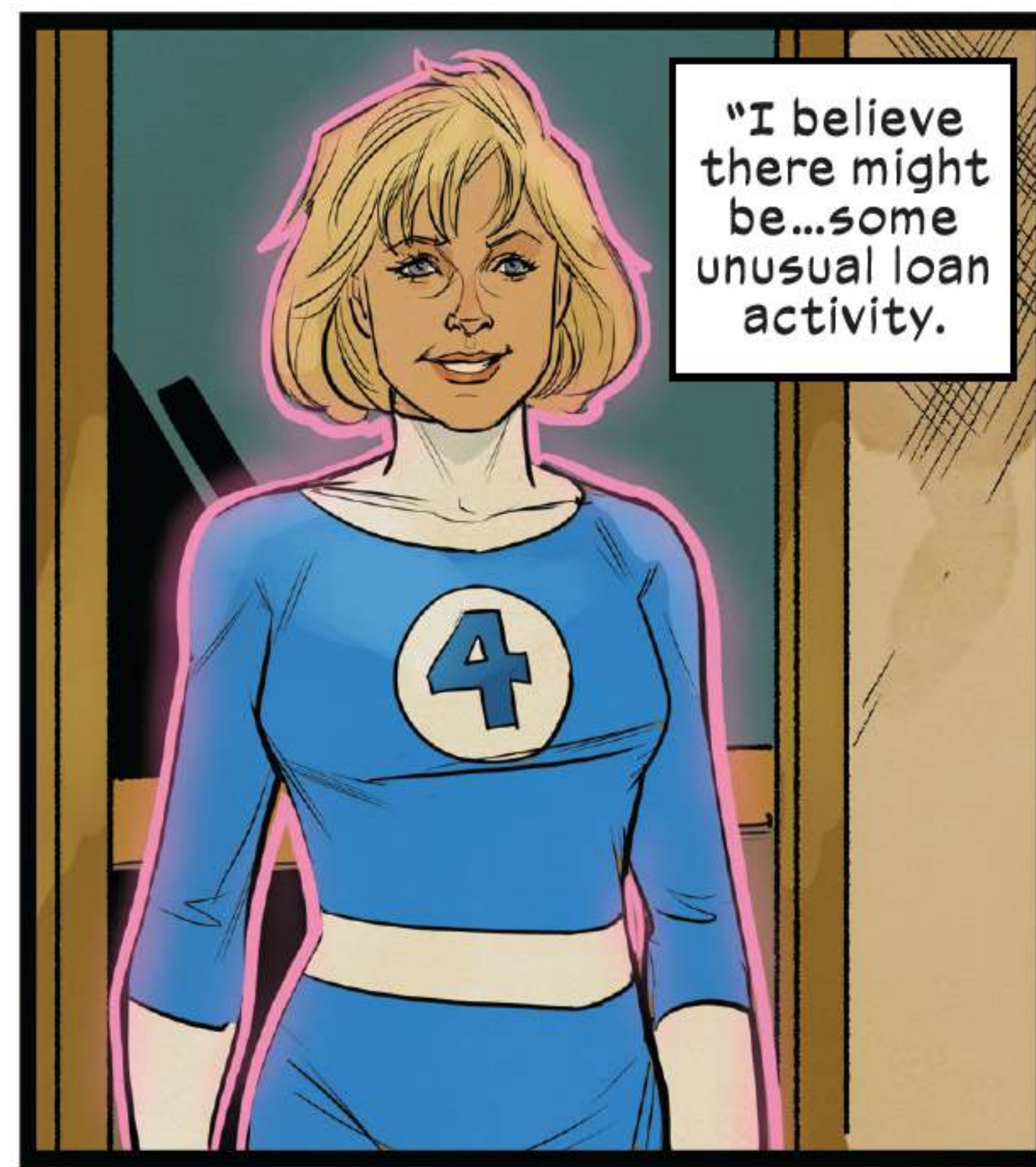
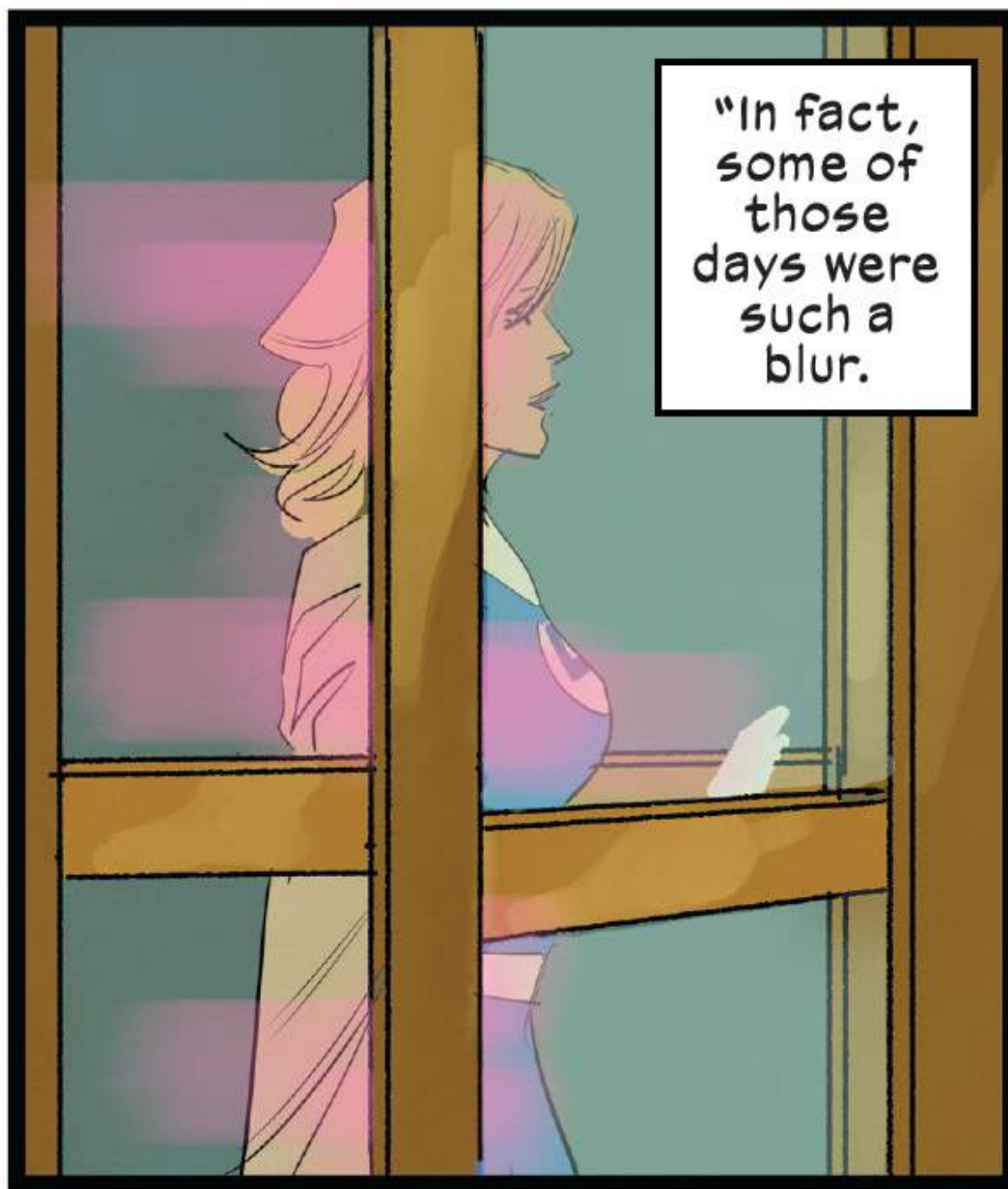
So...how's it
looking?

Well, the legal term
for this story is
"ain't great."

I have been guilty of many
things, but never of being an
abuser of children. I did what
any woman would do in New York
at that time. I helped her get
out. In fact, she was not
the first young woman
I assisted.

Great. Can
they kill us
on anything
else?

Well...





"Then there were the 'favors' he asked for that were in fact orders.

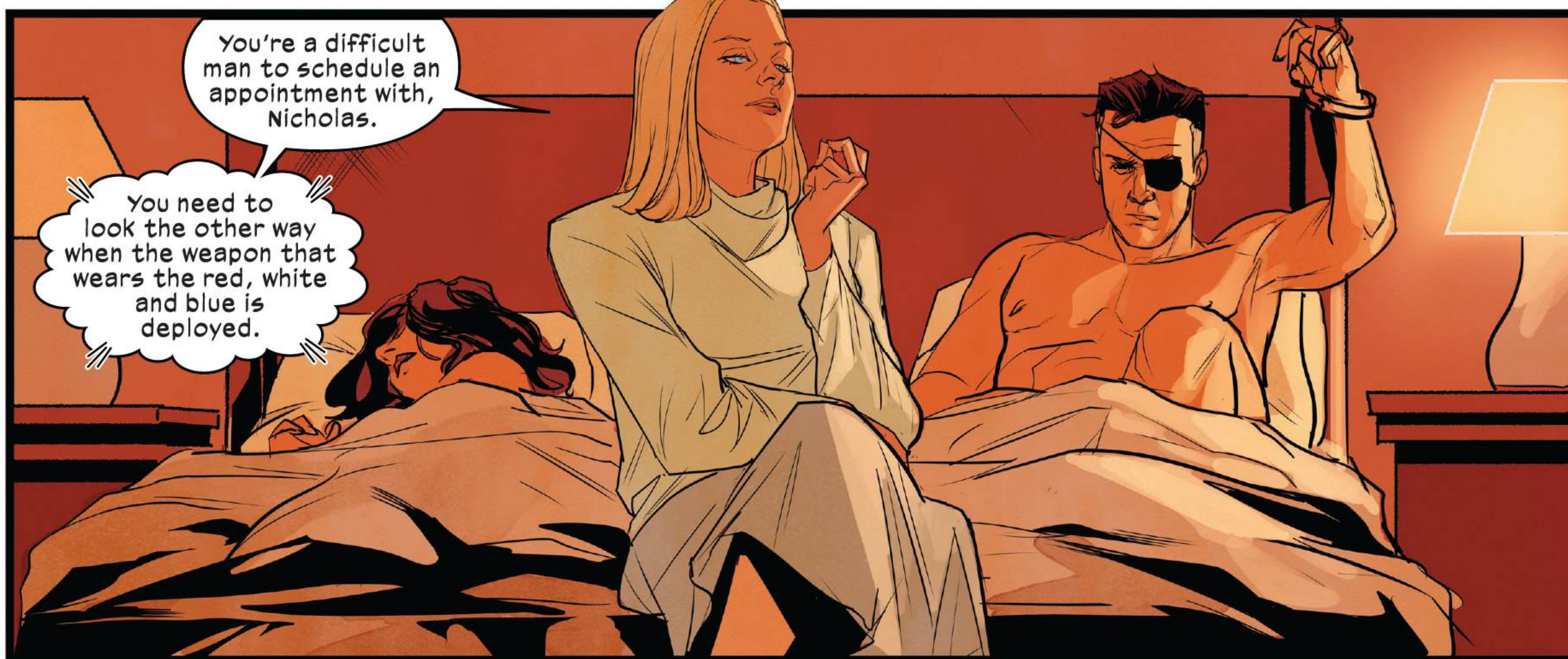
Buy you a drink, Mr. Stark?

"Ideas he wanted plucked from heads...



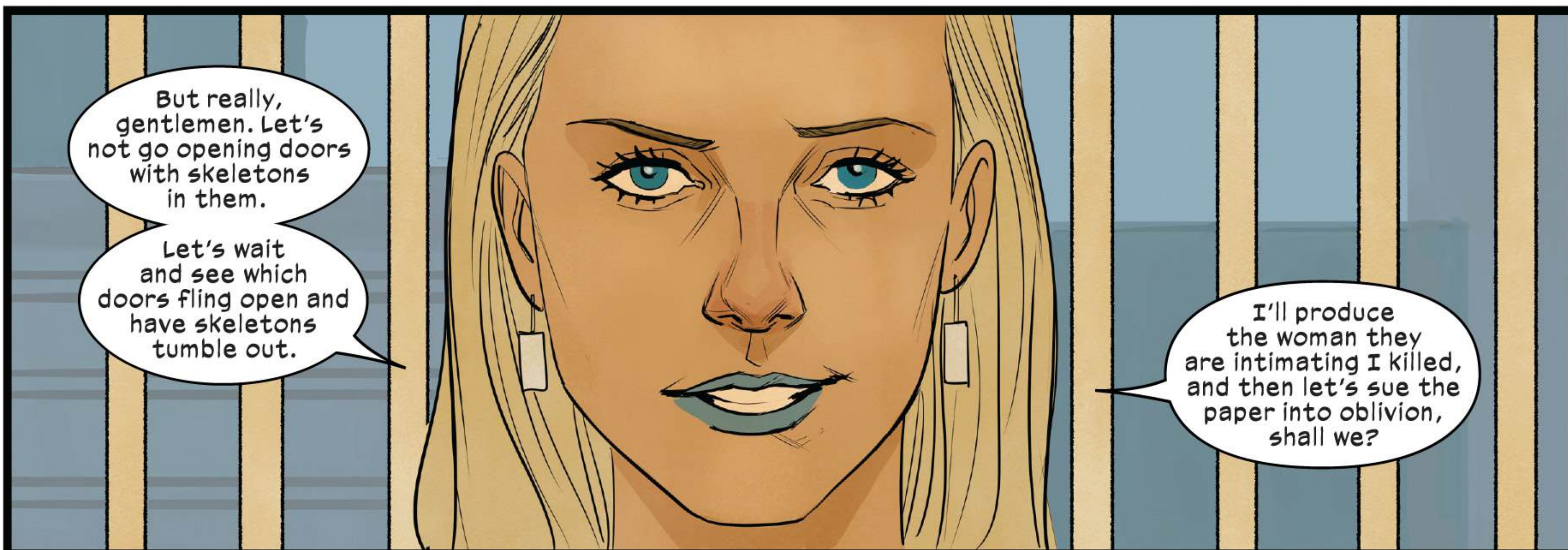
Your client's guilty, Miss Walters. So don't feel bad about forgetting to file the exculpatory brief.

"...and his fat thumb was always on the scales of justice."



You're a difficult man to schedule an appointment with, Nicholas.

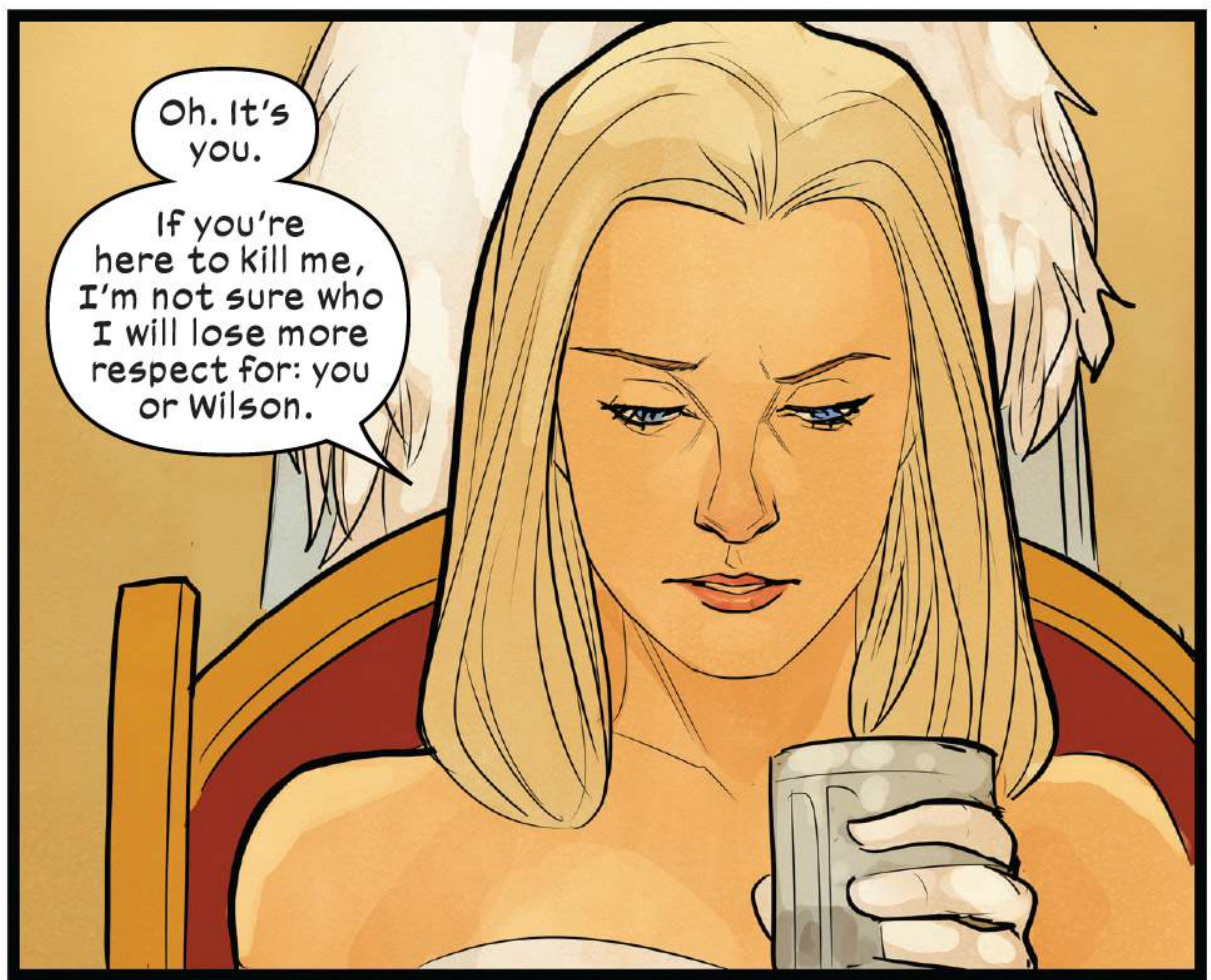
You need to look the other way when the weapon that wears the red, white and blue is deployed.

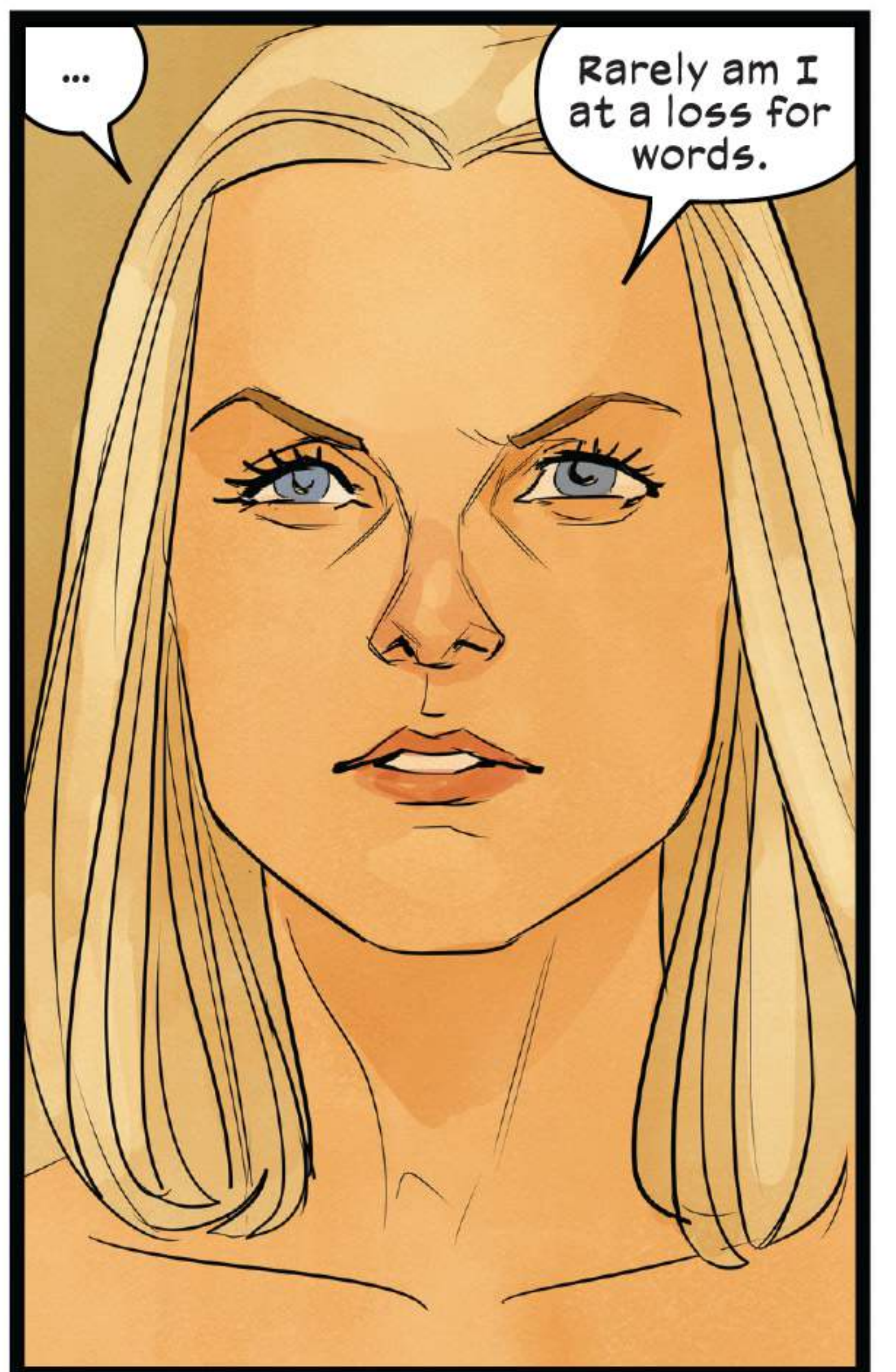
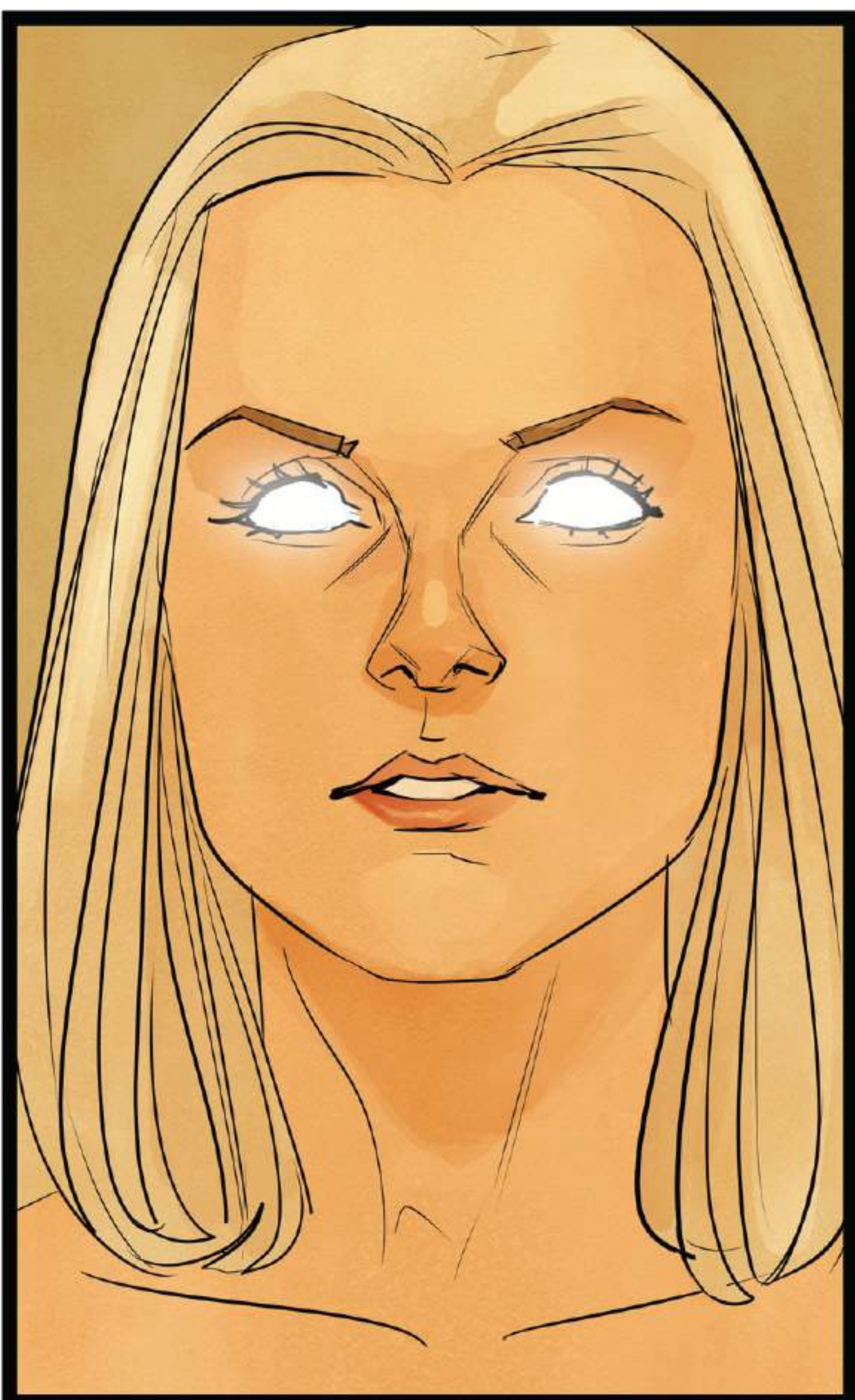
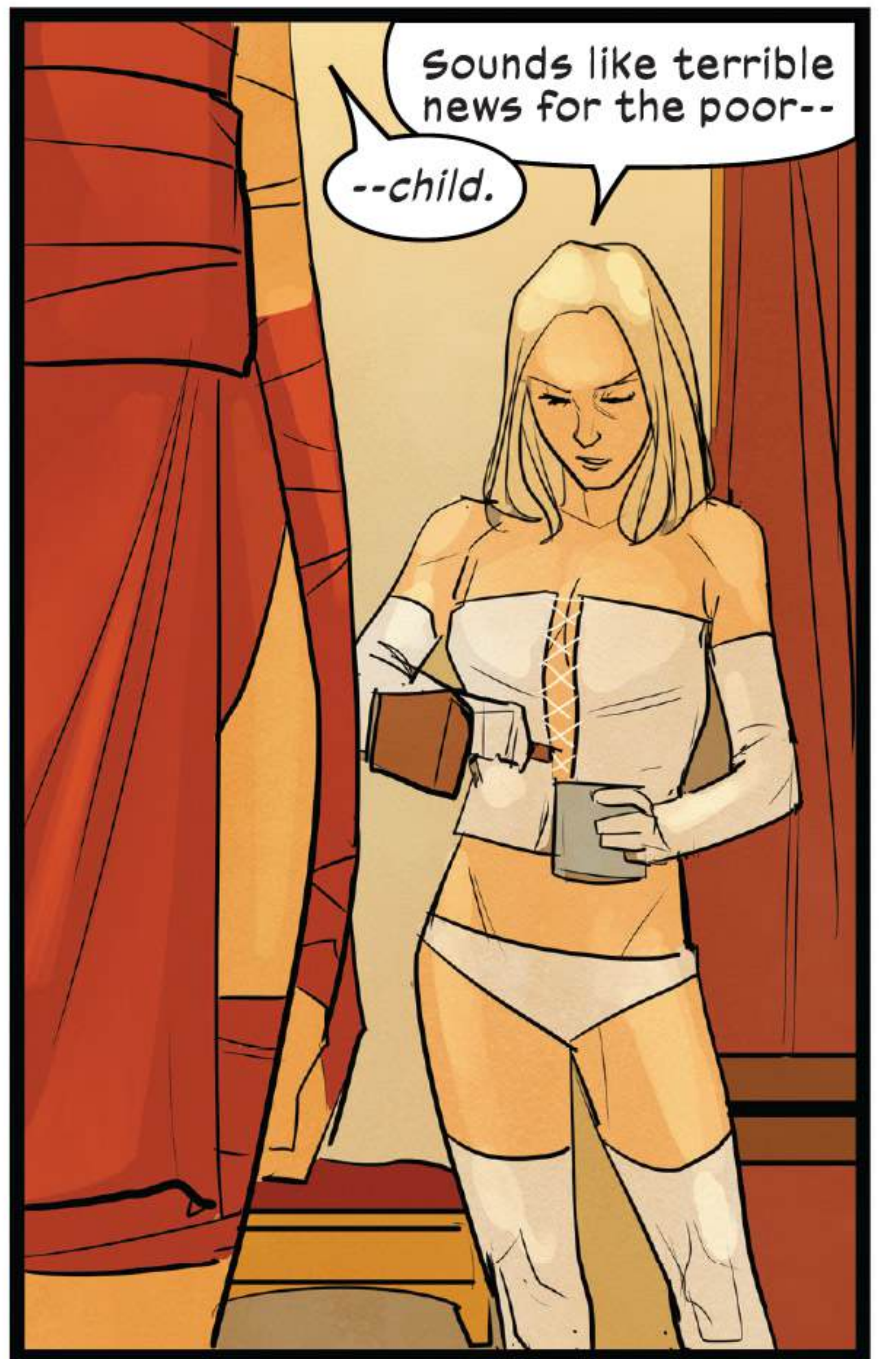
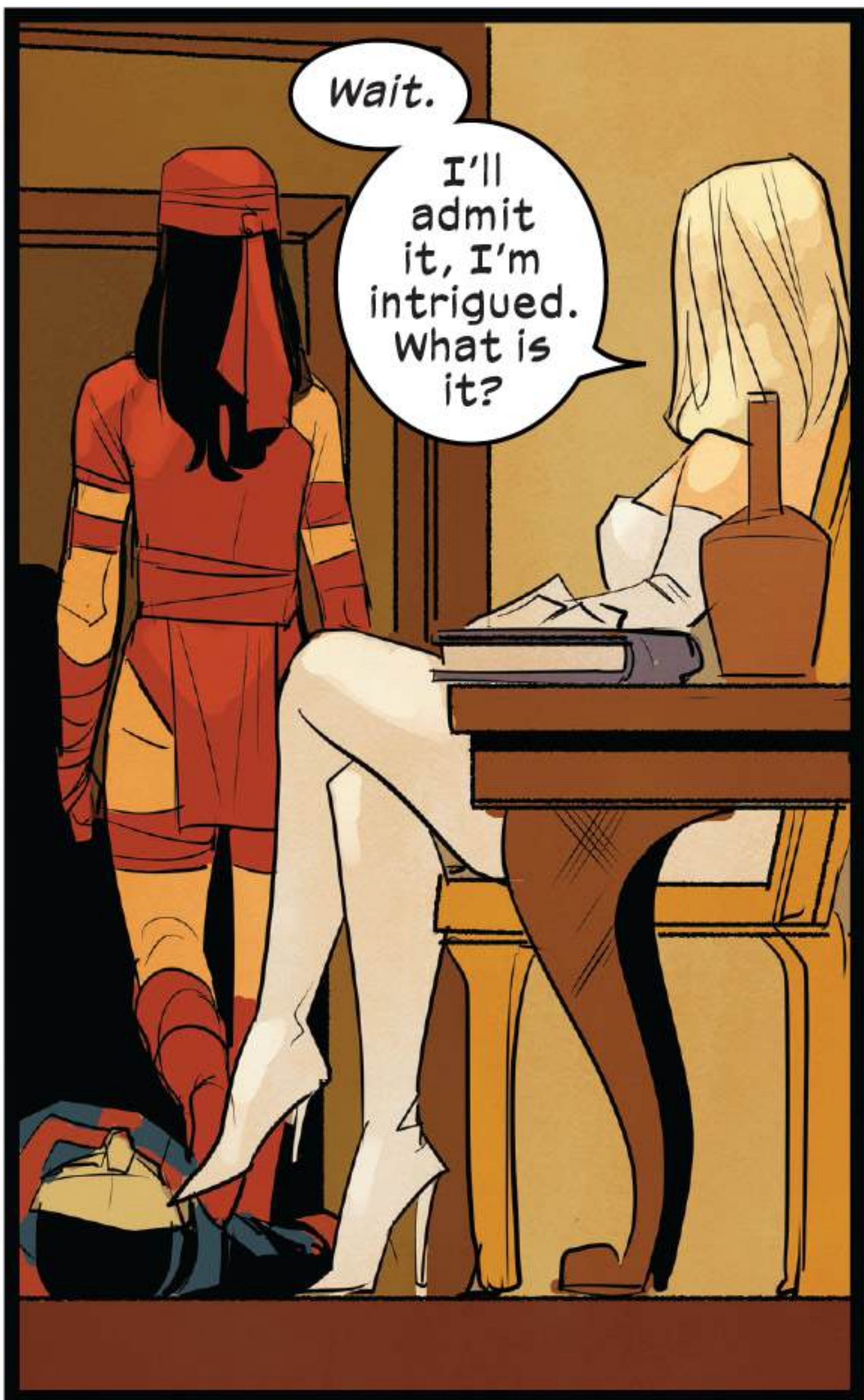


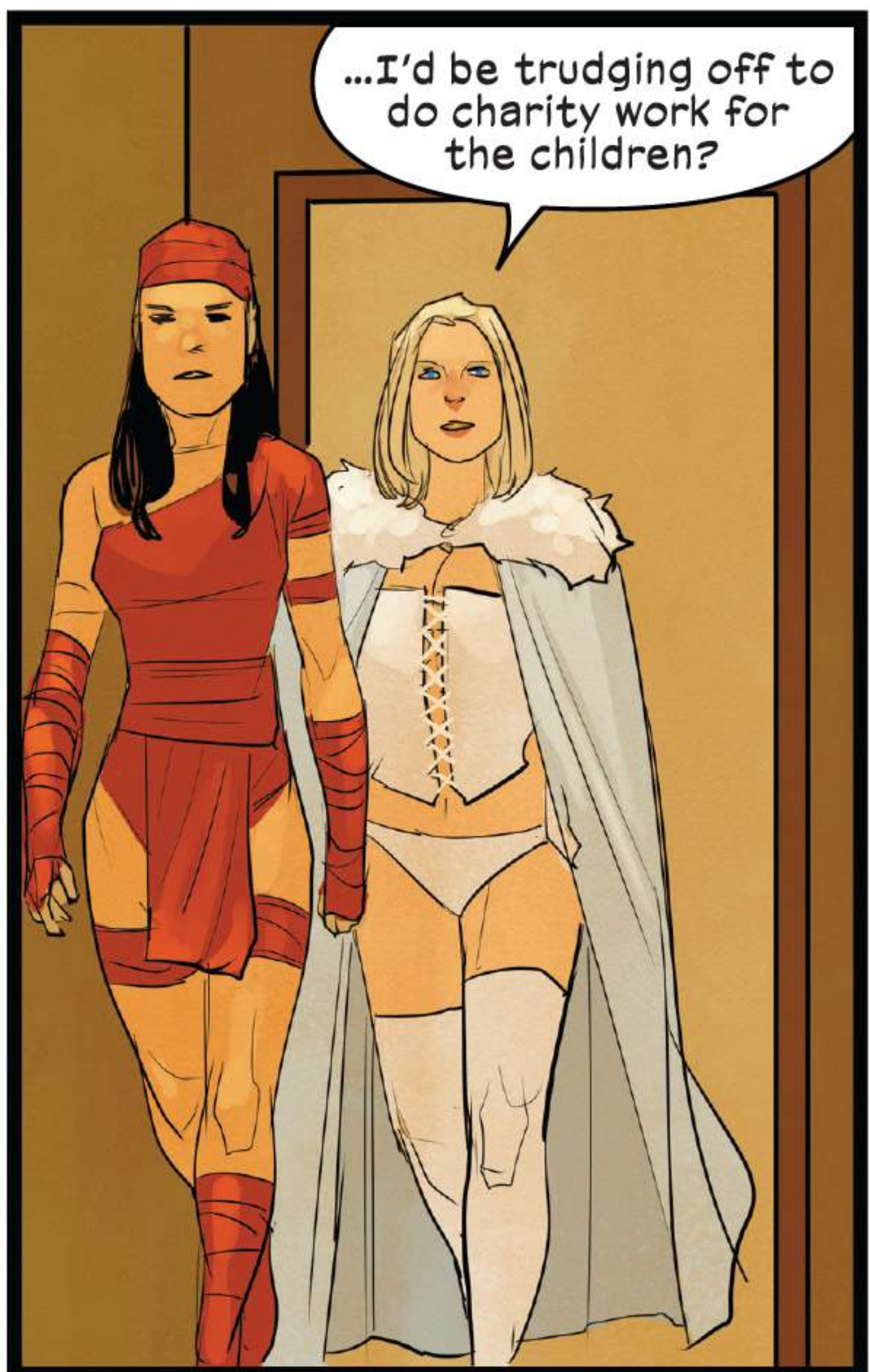
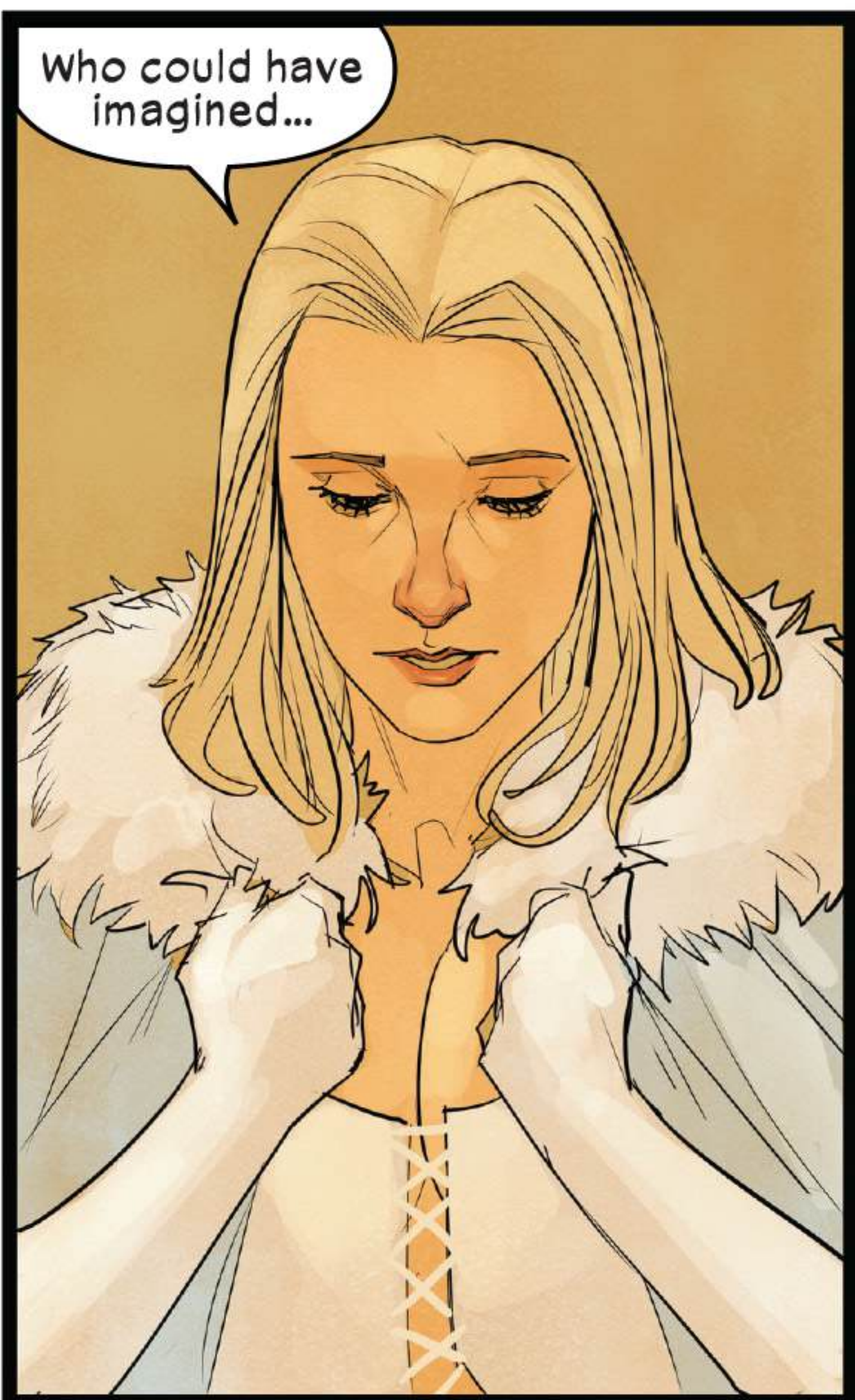
But really, gentlemen. Let's not go opening doors with skeletons in them.

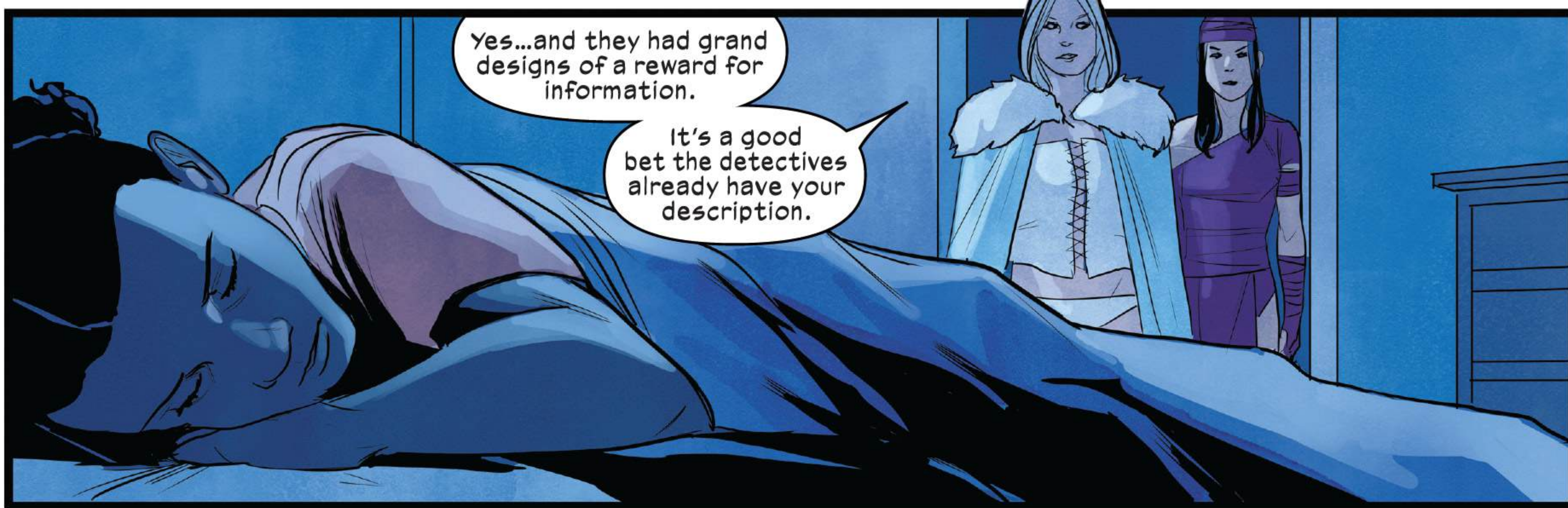
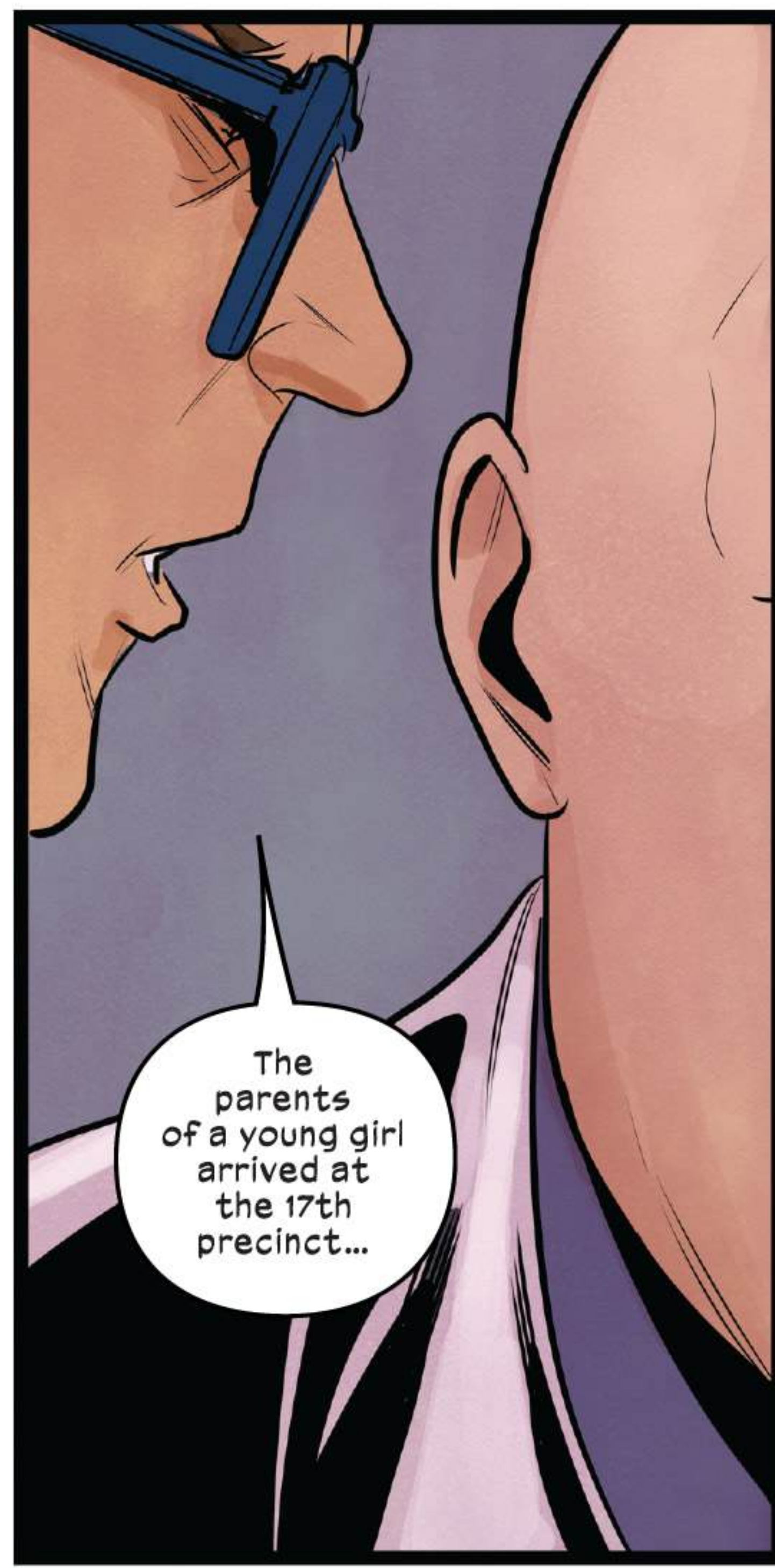
Let's wait and see which doors fling open and have skeletons tumble out.

I'll produce the woman they are intimating I killed, and then let's sue the paper into oblivion, shall we?

















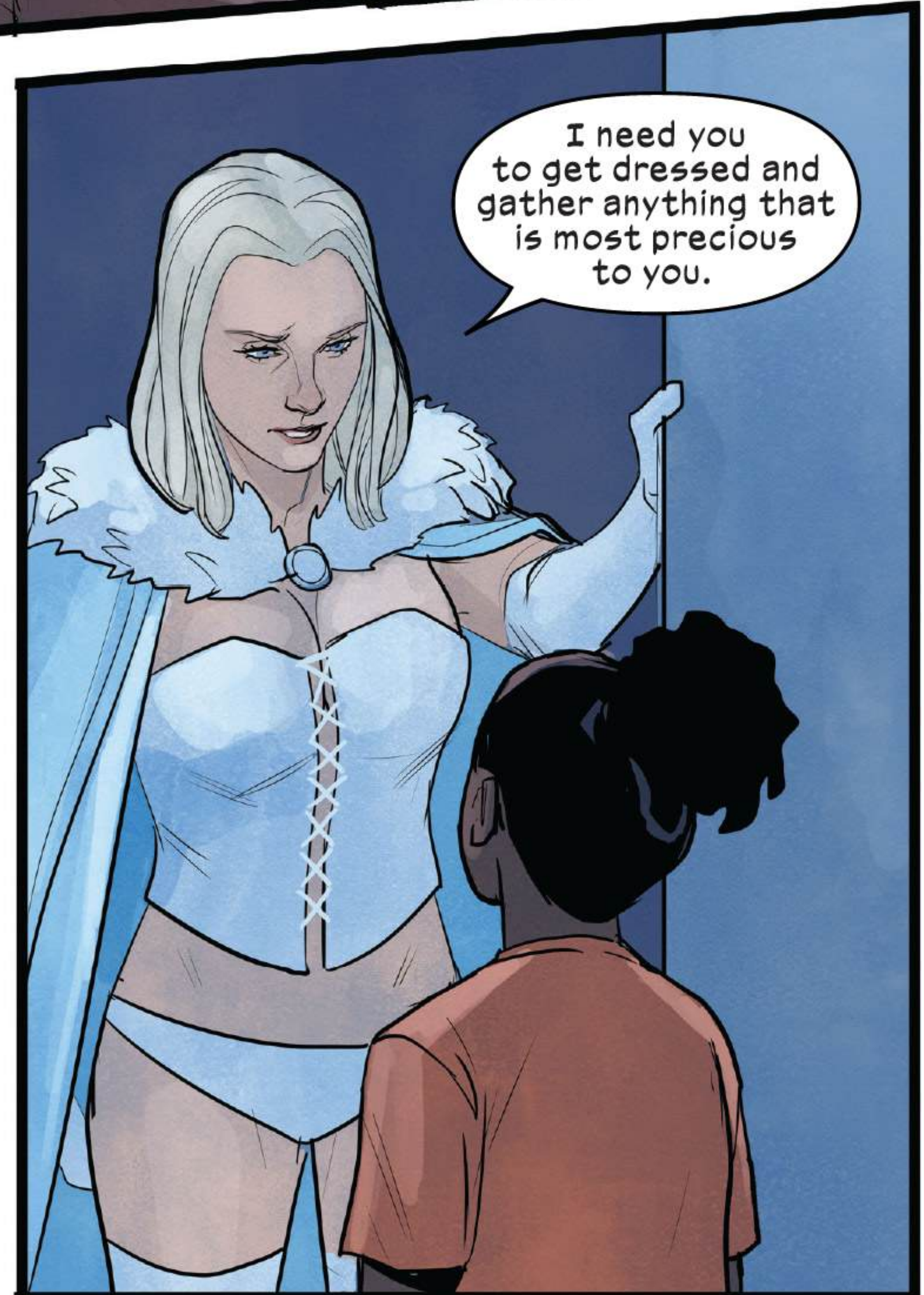
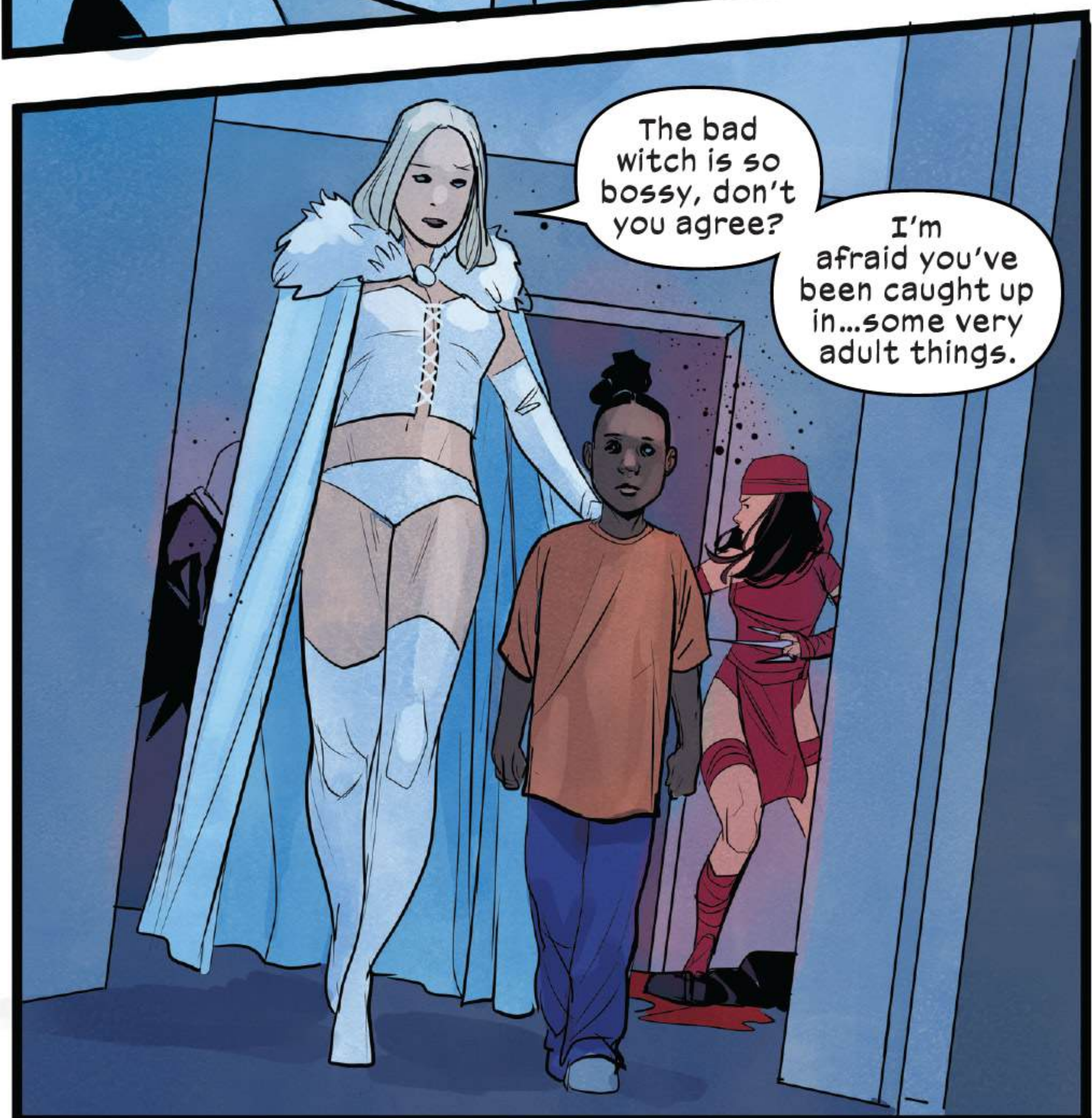
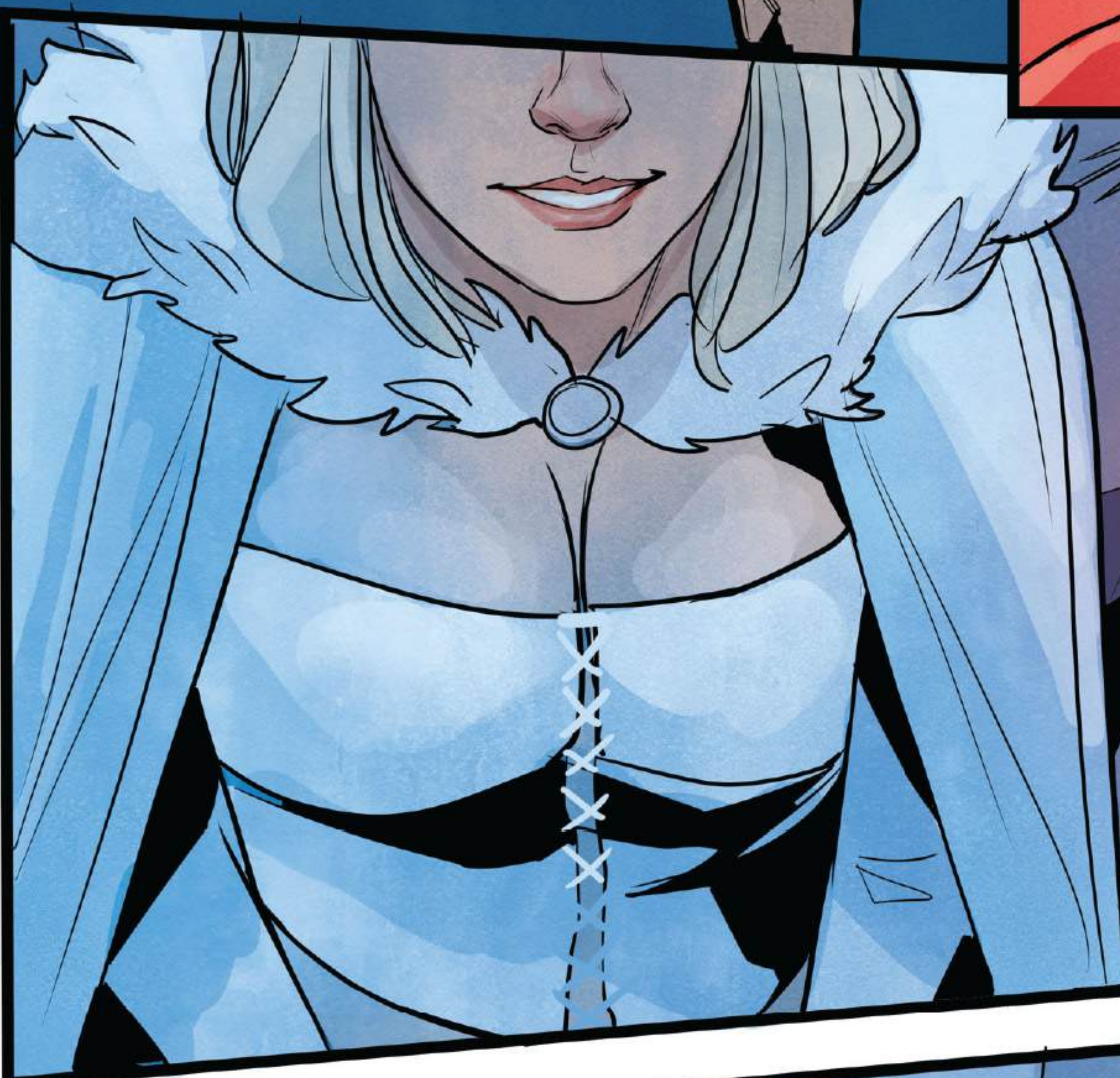
Her.



Isabelle.

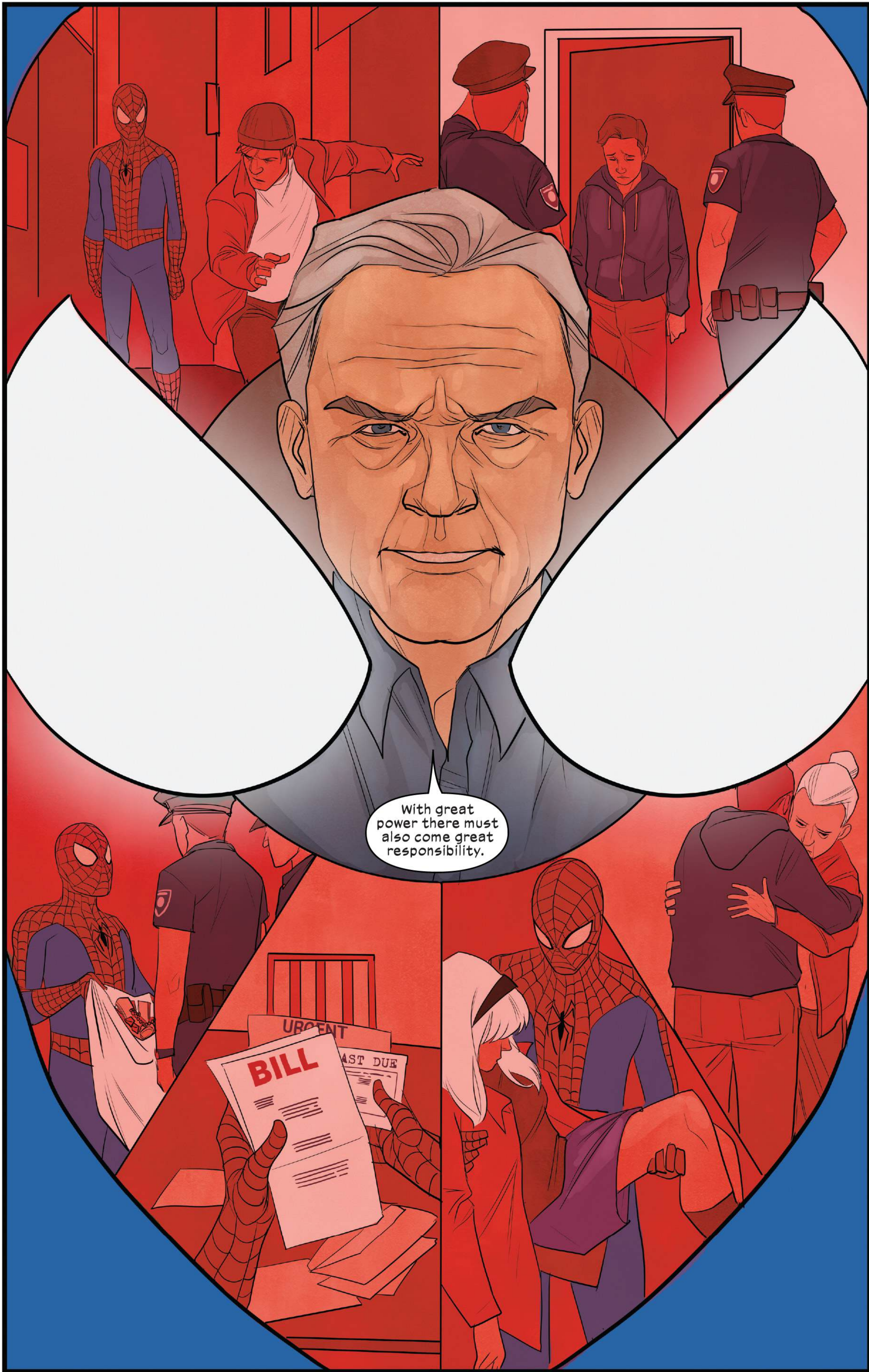
Such a pretty name for such a pretty girl.

I need your help. Can you get me out of here?

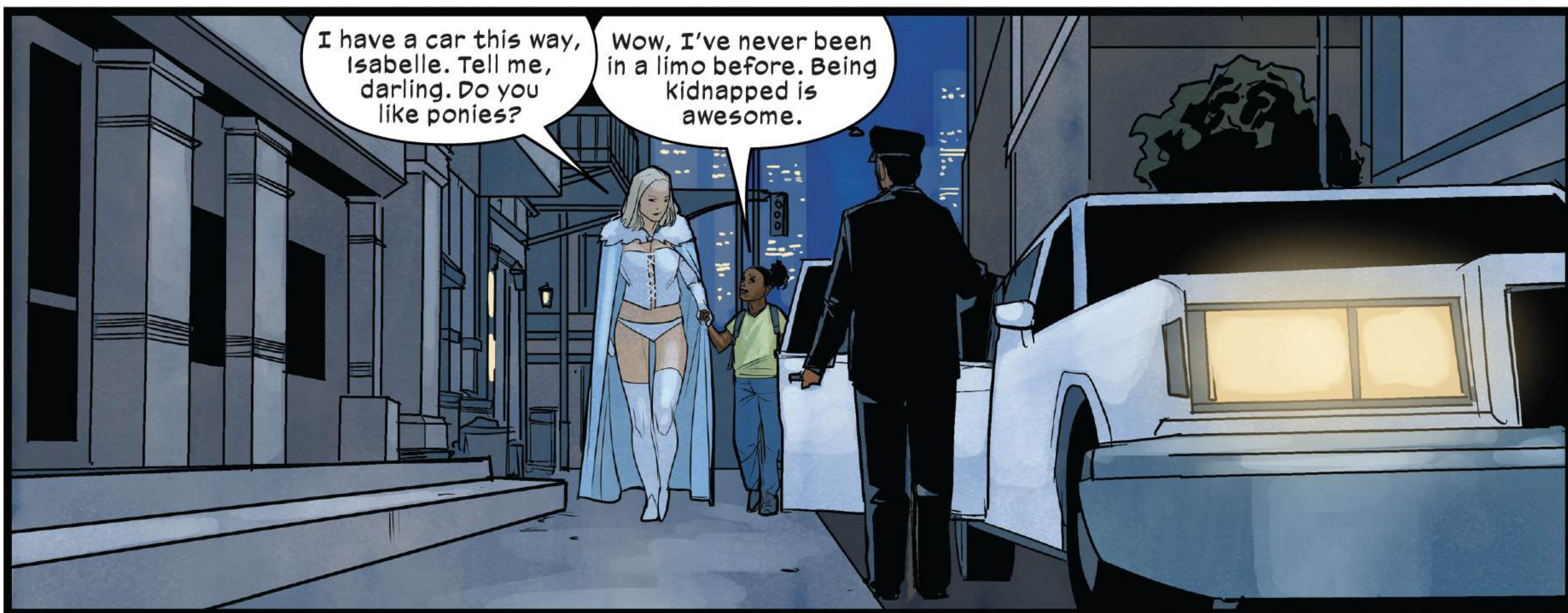


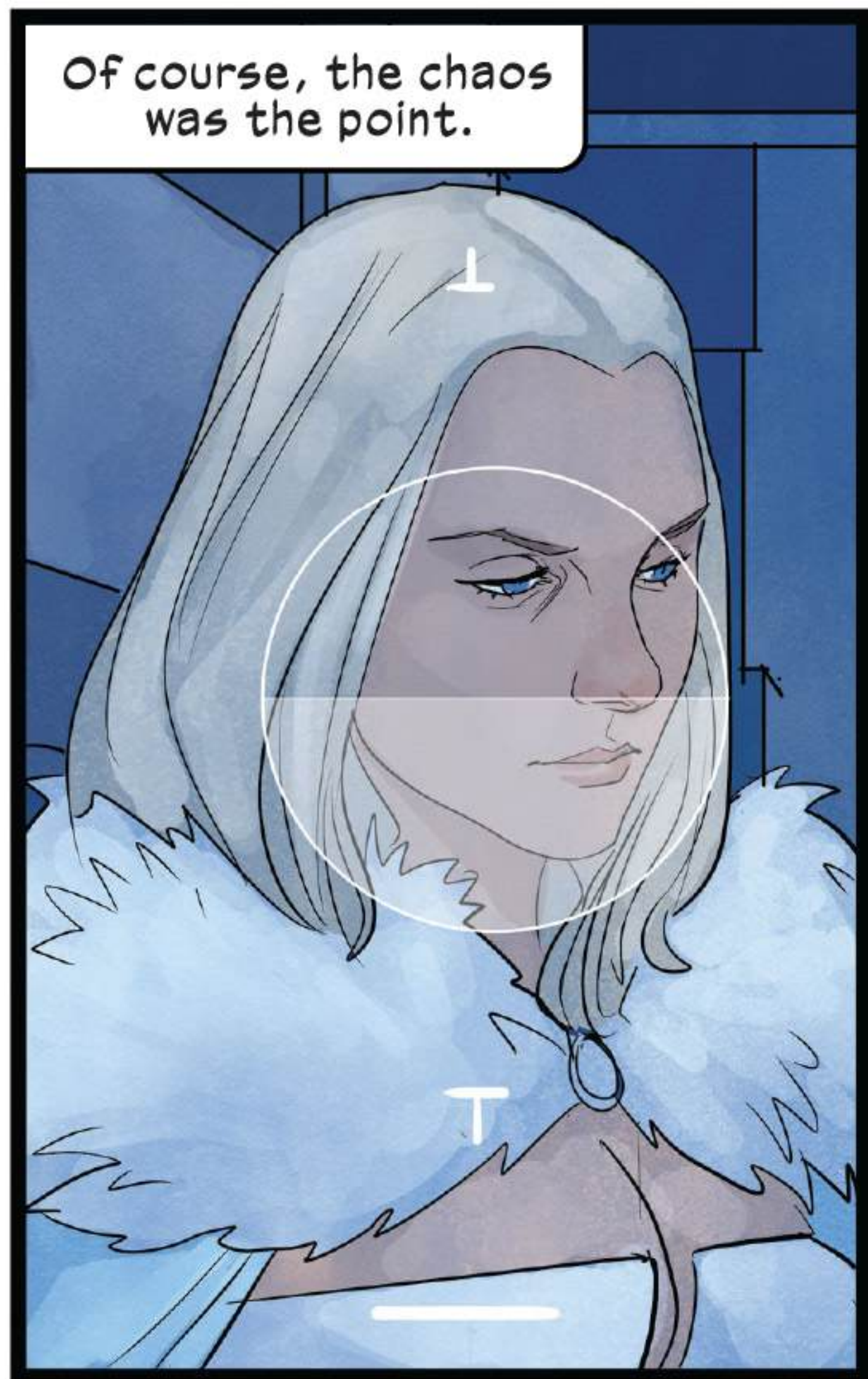






With great
power there must
also come great
responsibility.





Of course, the chaos was the point.



His eyes were everywhere.



He got what he wanted.

He always did.



I assume most of my misdeeds...



...are waiting in a dark safe somewhere.



They'll see the light of day, of course.

Now we just see what sticks.

FROST'S COLD CASE?

Missing Girl Last Seen Alive With "White Queen"



I do hope Isabelle is feeling charitable. I'll need her to come forward and tell her story.

[_Recipient_X]
[_J.Wesley_]

[ENCRYPTED]

FAO: **JAMES WESLEY**

CONTENTS OF THIS FILE ARE SUBJECT TO ATTORNEY-CLIENT
PRIVILEGE WITH **FISK HOLDING, LLC**

PERSONAL FILE OF **EMMA GRACE FROST**

ATTACHED ARE THE PHOTOGRAPHS AND DETAILS OF SUBJECT’S
WORK AND EXTRACURRICULARS. WHEN OUR SHOOTER WAS
MADE BY THE SUBJECT, IT IS NOTED. SAFEST DISTANCE TO FLY
UNDER HER RADAR IN CROWDS WAS ONE HUNDRED METERS.
-- FISK HOLDING, LLC HR DEPARTMENT

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ASSOCIATES

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TAMPERING, SPORTS-FIXING, PONZI SCHEMES

15 - SUBJECT OBSERVED KILLING A PONY WITH HER MIND?

16 - CHILD ENDANGERMENT?

17 - TENURE WITH SUPER HEROES

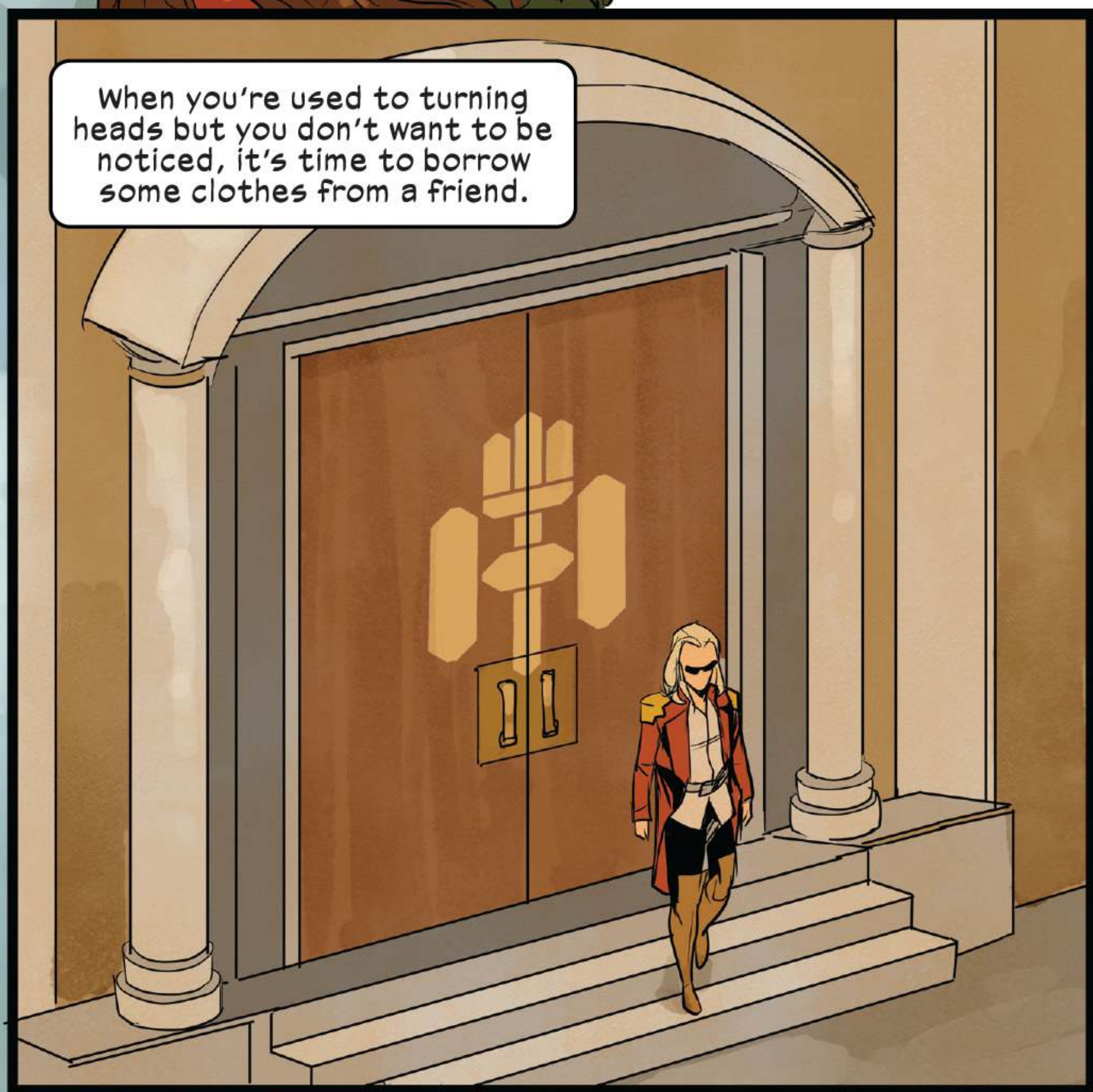
18 - SURVEILLANCE TERMINATED

[_Recipient_X]
[_J.Wesley_]



She lives in England where mutants and our gateways are not welcome.

But I keep a private gate in the old London Hellfire Club.



When you're used to turning heads but you don't want to be noticed, it's time to borrow some clothes from a friend.



I should have guessed the club would be under surveillance after the smear.



Gentlemen. We don't have to do this.

@##@, we're made.

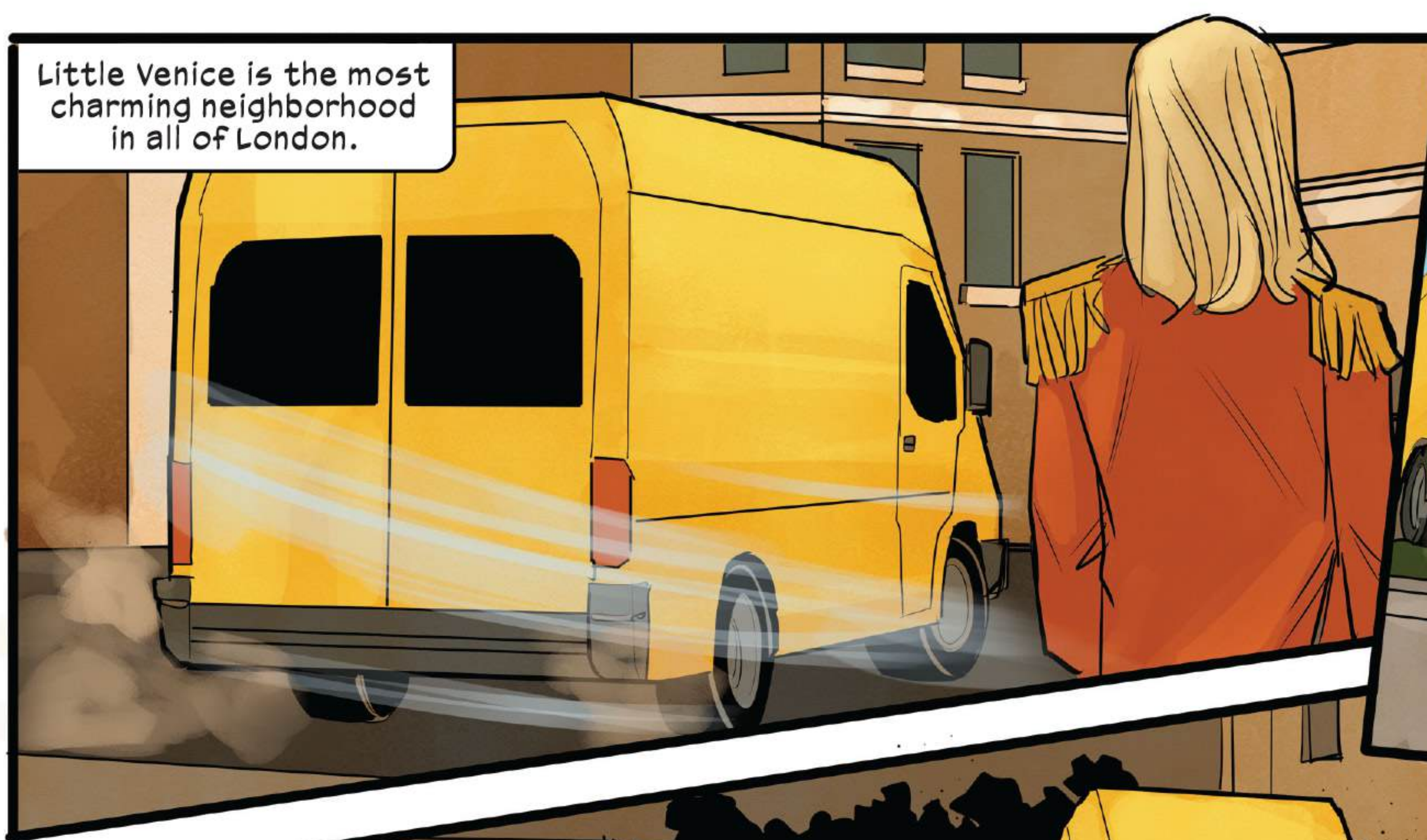
GO! GO!



Take the lads for a swim, please.

Right. Takin' the lads for a swim.

Little Venice is the most charming neighborhood in all of London.



Lovely canals.



Can't say I've ever swam in them, but the cops have their shots and are already swimming to safety.



Now to get out of London before I get hit with any more surprises.



AAAGH!

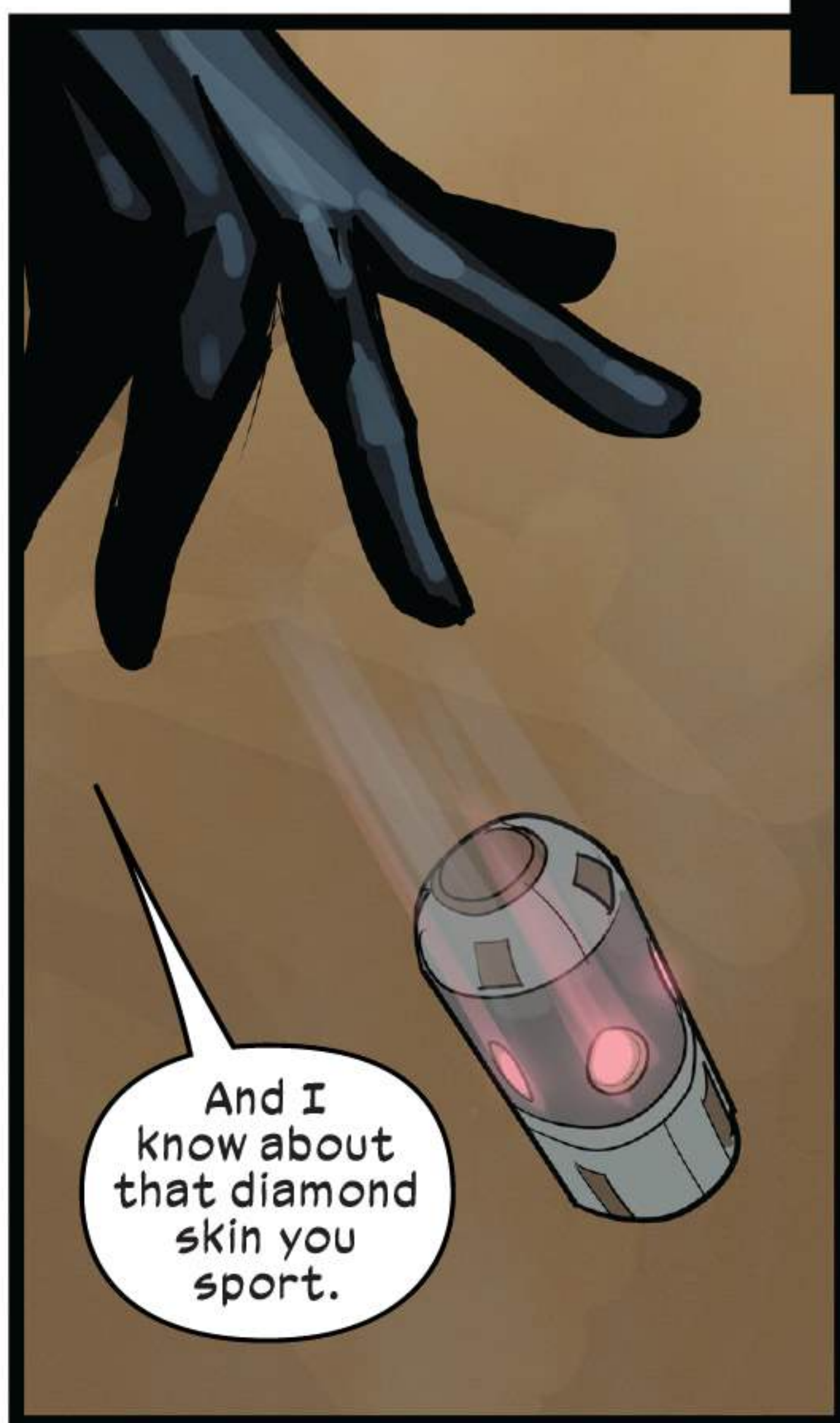




I hate hittin' a bird, so don't make this harder than it has to be.

And don't try to get cute with me. I got a psi-blocker.

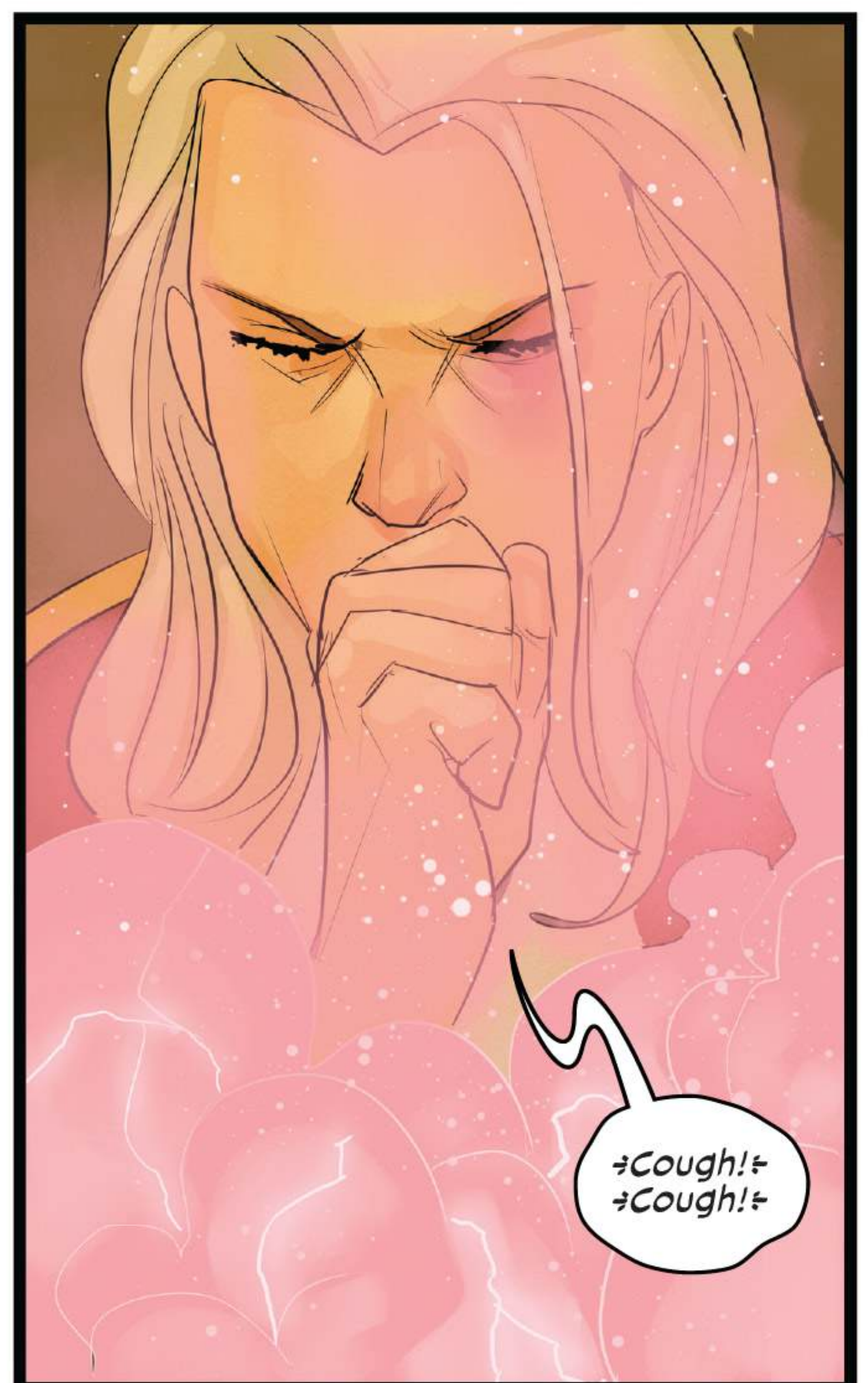
You'll be hearing from my attorneys and my plastic surgeon's billing office.



And I know about that diamond skin you sport.



Not today!



≠Cough!≠
≠Cough!≠

A full-page comic book illustration. On the left, a man in a black balaclava and a red and black suit with a large white Union Jack on the chest walks forward. He has a brown utility belt. On the right, a woman with long blonde hair, wearing a white shirt, a red military-style jacket with gold epaulettes, black pants, and tan boots, walks alongside him. The background shows a city street with buildings and a pinkish, hazy ground. Several speech bubbles contain dialogue.

Emma Frost, you're under arrest and will be extradited back to New York to face charges of child endangerment, kidnapping and who knows what else.

You didn't kill that kid, didja?

Shouldn't you be advising me I have a right to remain silent and the right to have legal counsel?

I should've known you'd be an old pro at this. Yeah, yeah. Whatever floats yer boat.

Seriously though, didja really kill an orphan?

Thirty yards away, the photographers take their pictures.

I hope Kingpin is enjoying today. He won't enjoy tomorrow.





[devilsreignxmen_03]

“Frost scared me more than the Kingpin did back in the day. I know she got off on that too. Best to give that woman a wide berth. I never want to be on her \$@#% list.”

-- TURK BARRETT

[devilsreignxmen_03]



[devilsreignxmen_03]

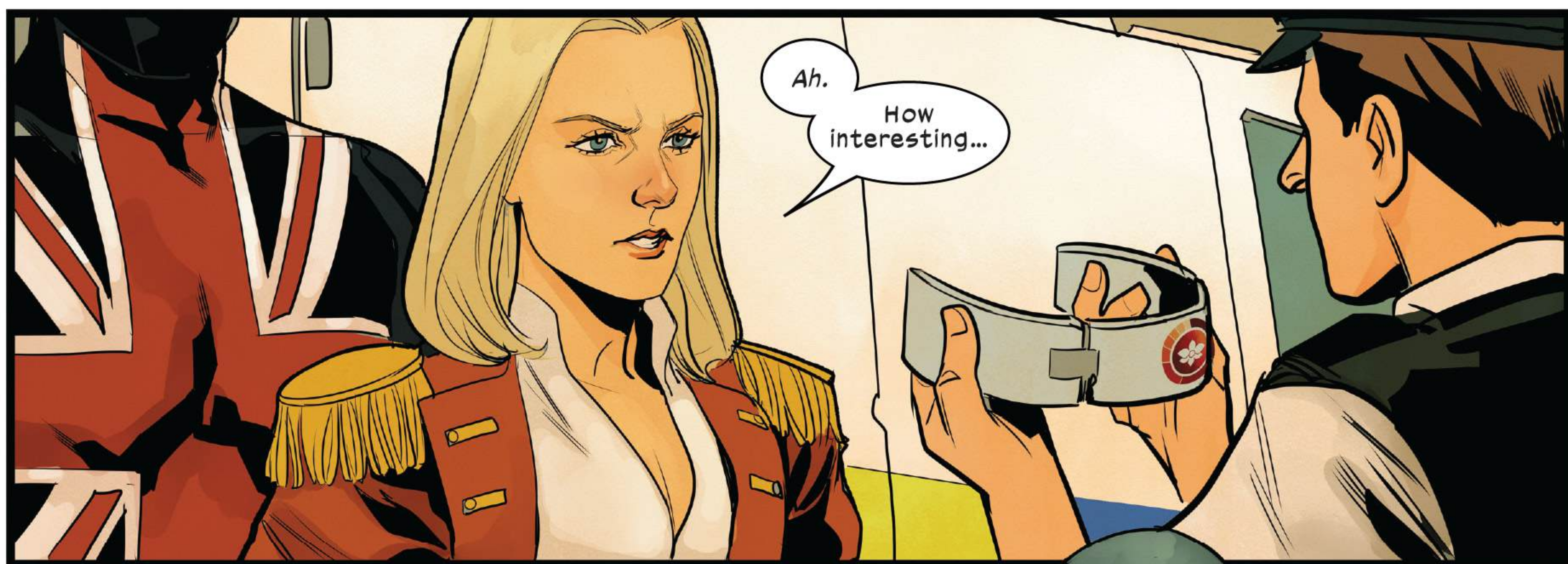


I hope you know this is nothing personal.

You X-Men have been good to me.

I see.
At least the fascism in London is more pleasant than it is back home.

I have the inhibitor device, Union Jack.



Ah.
How interesting...



I will collar myself.



You fool!
Why aren't you wearing your psi-dampener?!

She's a telepath!

From a quick telepathic census, it seems half the rank-and-file constabulary believes that telepathy is a hoax, while more believe the lie that psi-dampeners against your skull cause tumors.

I've also just made a great many friends... like these two.





--go and
gas your friends
wearing psi-
dampeners.

And do it
with style. Lots
of cartwheels and
sexy dancing.

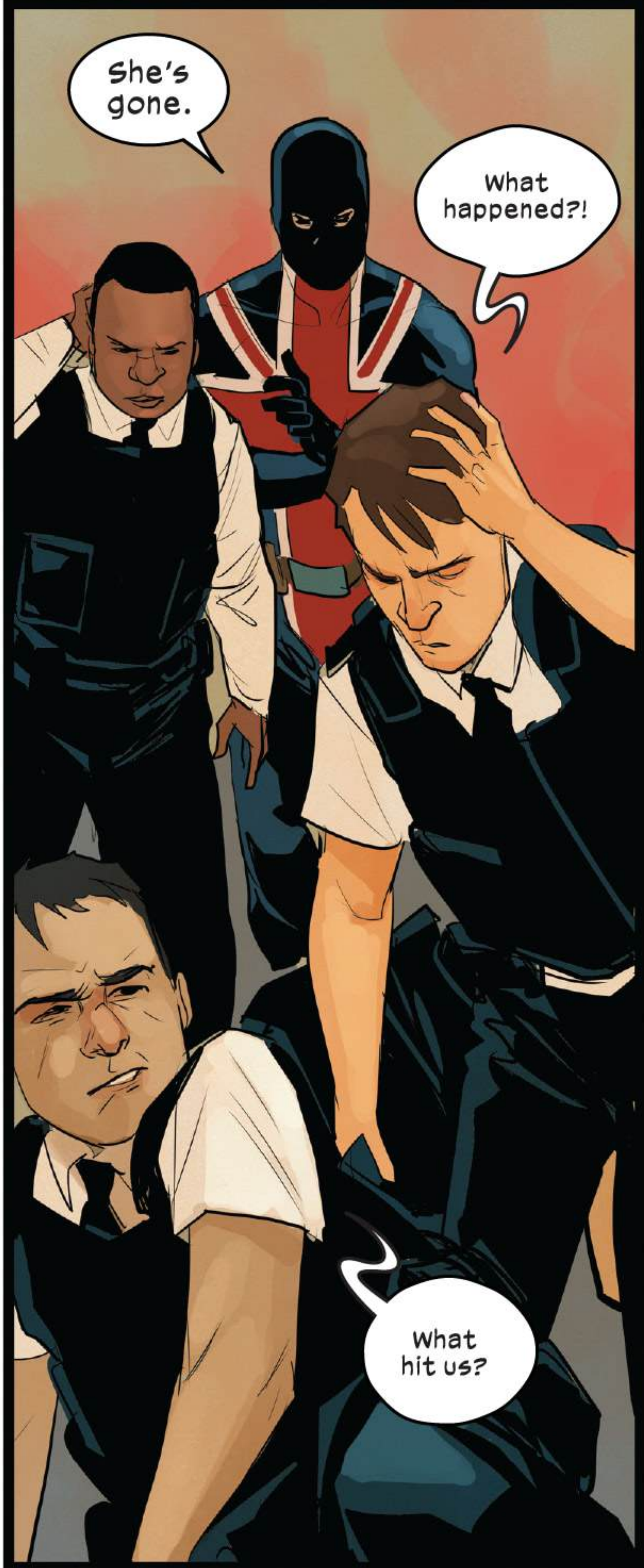
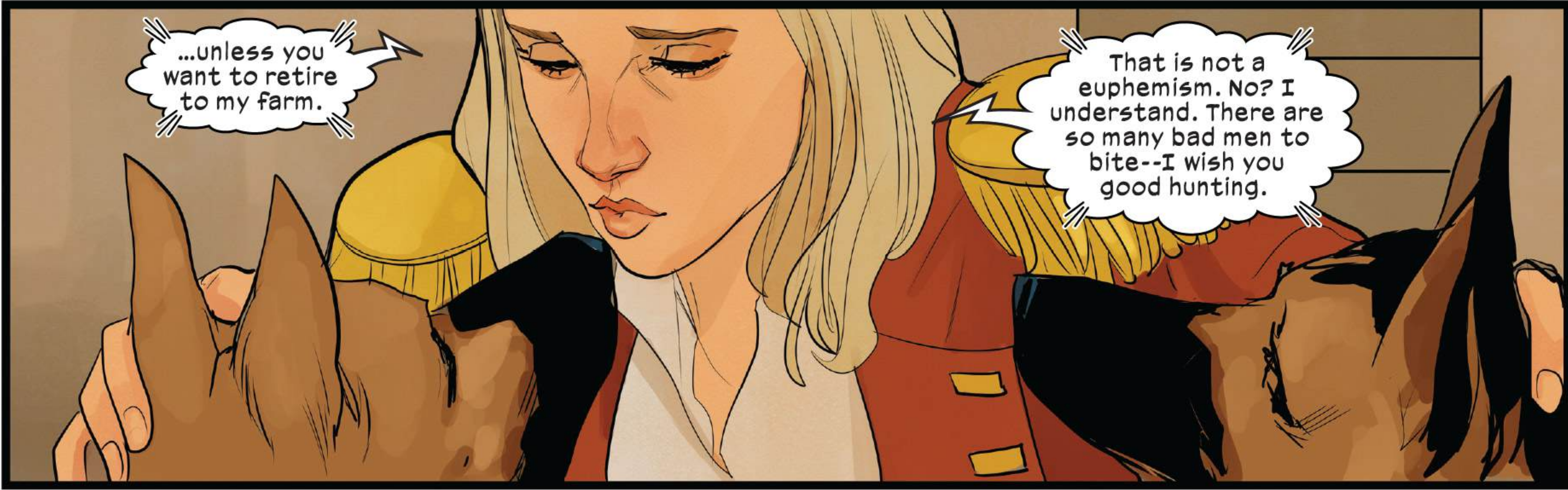
You damn dogs--
Worcestershire!
Worcestershire!

Sorry, Jack.
I've made the
dogs forget the
safe word.

I'll be
leaving now. Any
of you feeling
chivalrous?







Dear Isabelle,

When you wake up, I will be gone. I'm on a night flight back to New York City. I do not wish to endanger you any further than I have.

I know the last few days have been traumatizing, but the family I have placed you with have been vetted thoroughly and I trust them implicitly. They are plain, old English farmers, and you should draw no unwanted attention while in their care. I understand from them that you're resisting visiting the therapist I've arranged for you, and I'd ask you to reconsider. Go sit and be quiet, and see what happens. The mood may overtake you.

I've arranged for a new name and identity for you, keeping your first name and giving you my mother's maiden name of Donovan. My mother, Hazel, was a complicated woman, but she fought valiantly against her demons. The name is not permanent if you do not wish it to be so.

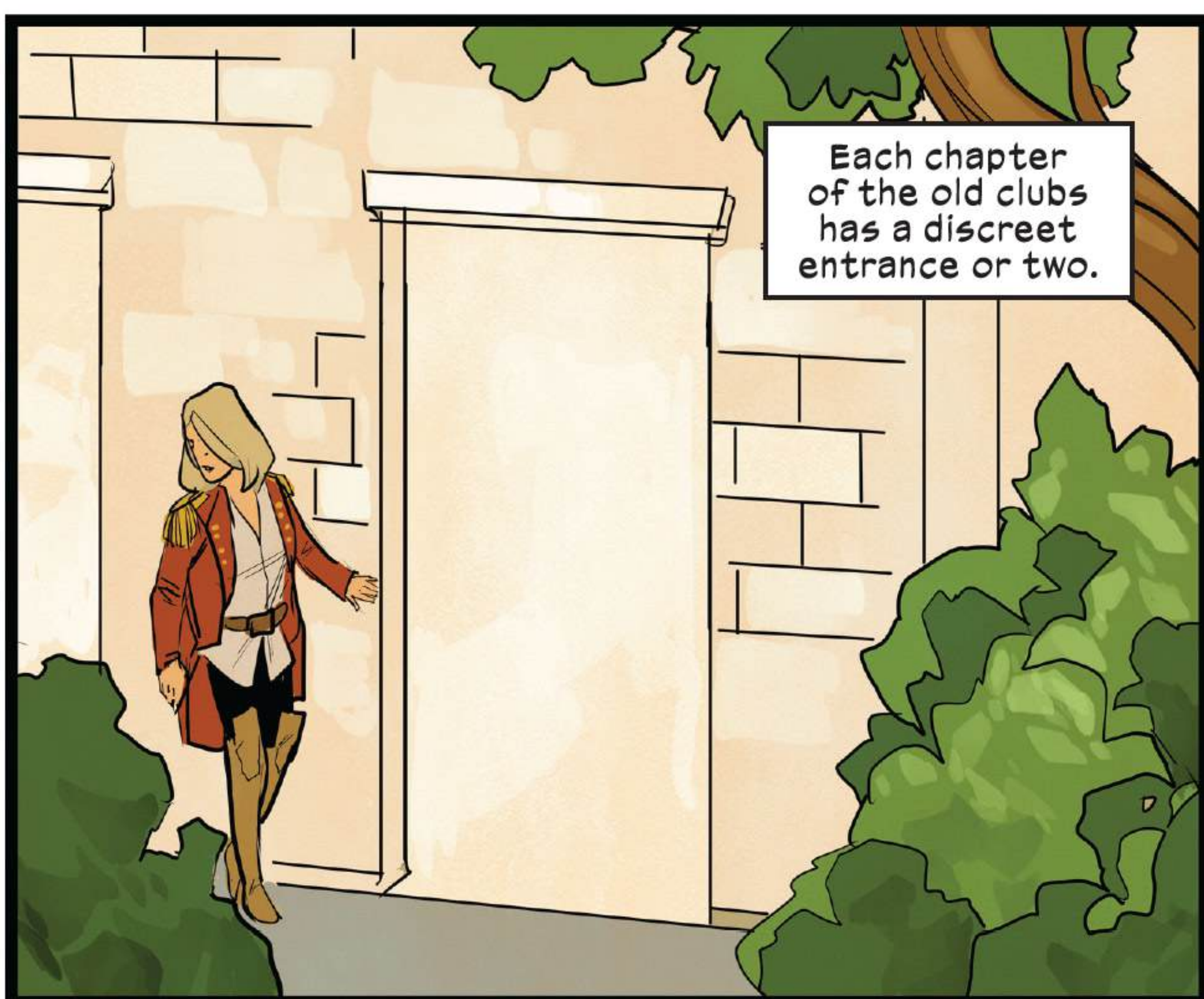
Keep up with your art -- you're very talented -- study hard and do not lose that sense of humor. An old friend once told me, "it's chaos, be kind", and that is how you find yourself out of questionable foster care and into a home of privilege with a stable out back. I'm trying to be kind -- you will be the final adjudicator on whether or not I succeeded. If I have added to your troubles, I ask you to forgive me. I have no experience with children. When you get older, you may understand that adults have to pick the lesser of evils. We girls have to look out for each other.

You know how to reach me when you need me.

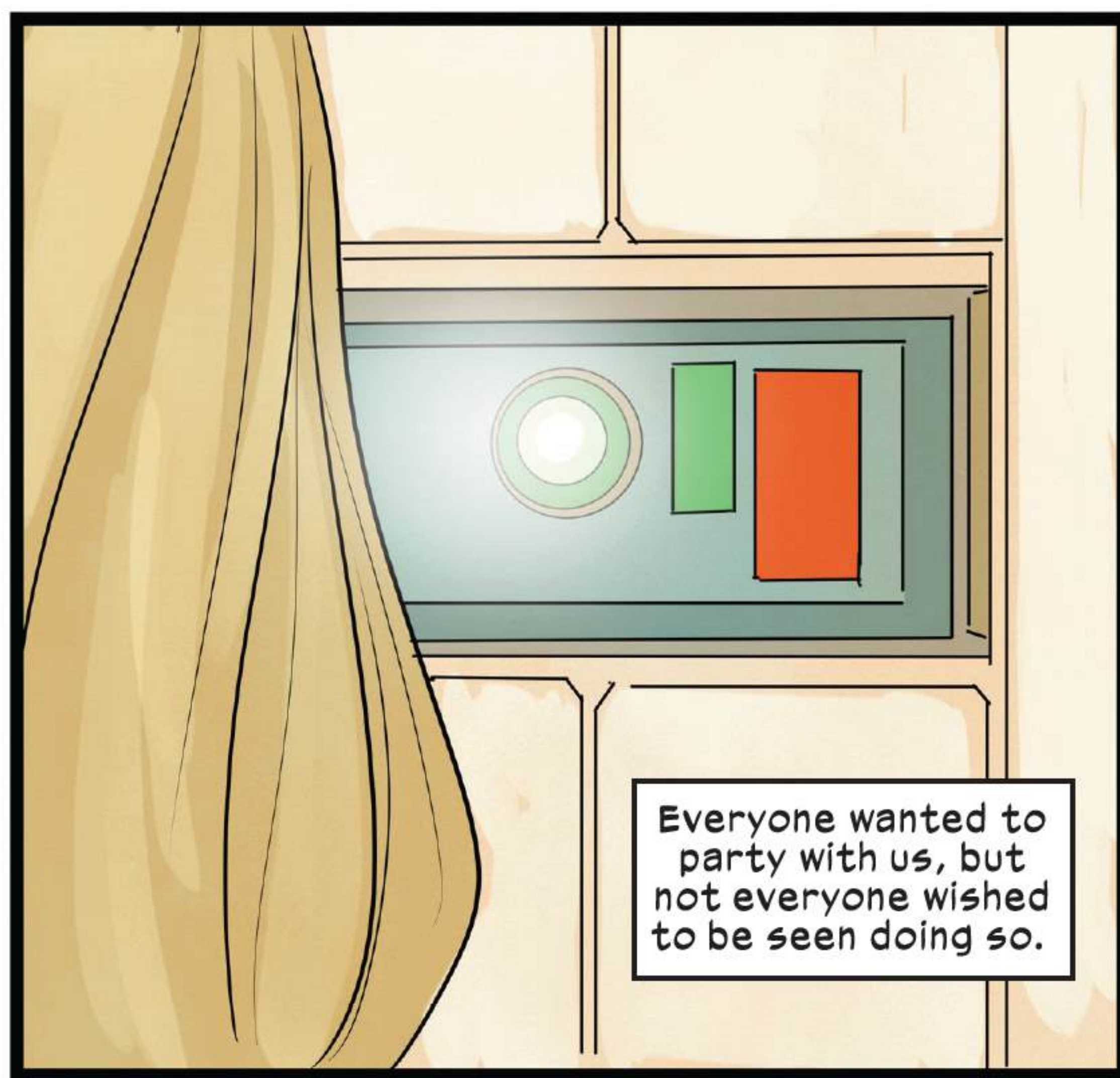
-- EF



Back at the London Hellfire Club.



Each chapter of the old clubs has a discreet entrance or two.



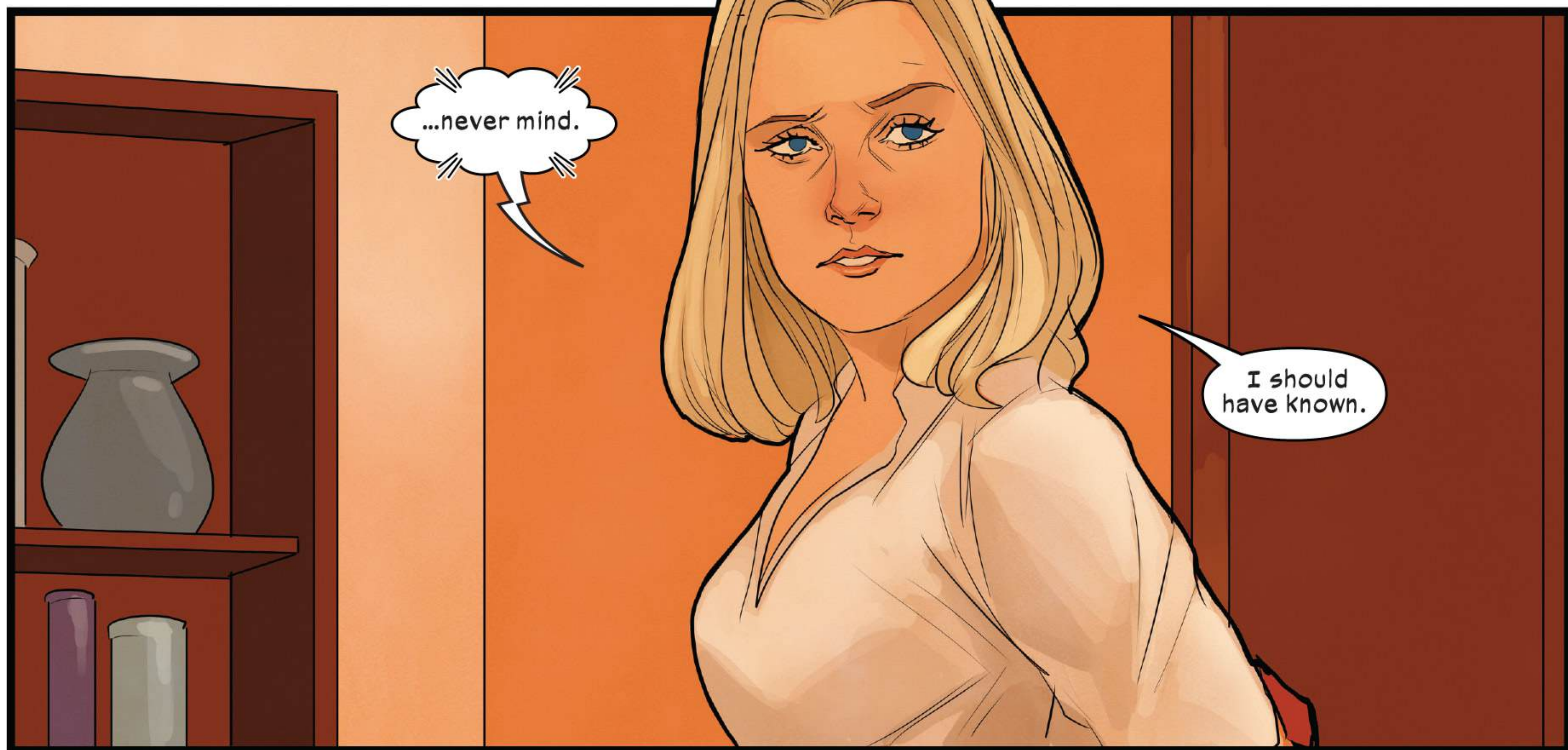
Everyone wanted to party with us, but not everyone wished to be seen doing so.



I don't have much time, I'll need to ask Katherine to find Isabelle.



Katherine, I need a favor from you if you're not too busy...

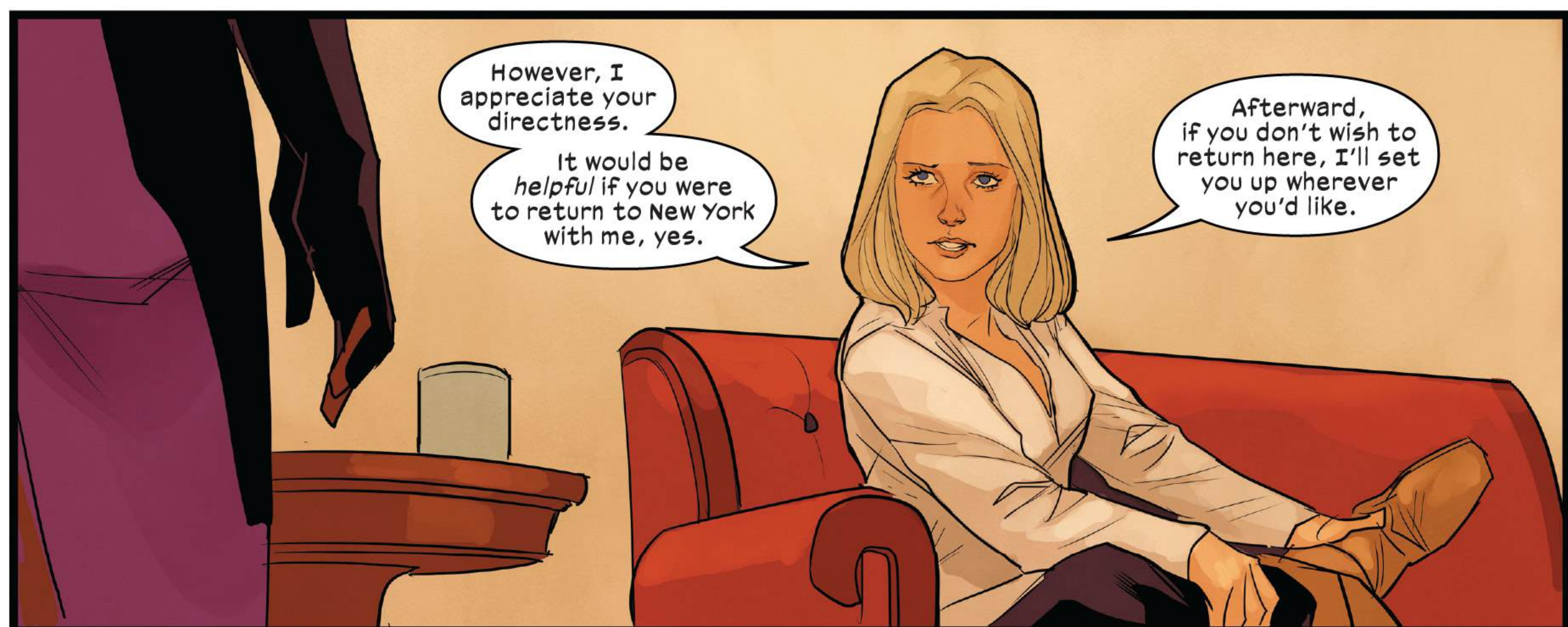




It's funny--
the "good witch"
only shows up
when she needs
something.

I saw the
news on the
telly. Your life
seems like a
wreck.

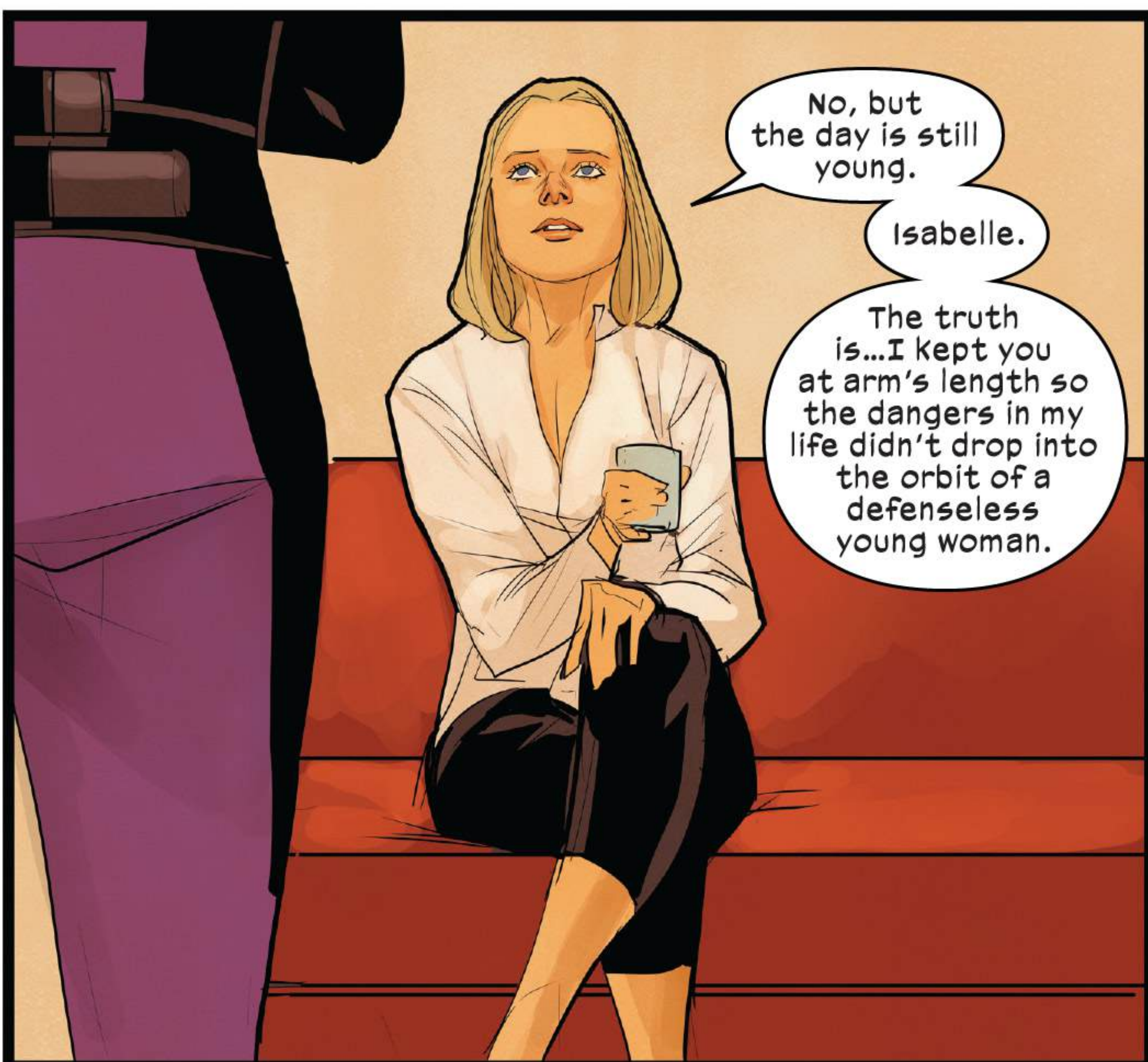
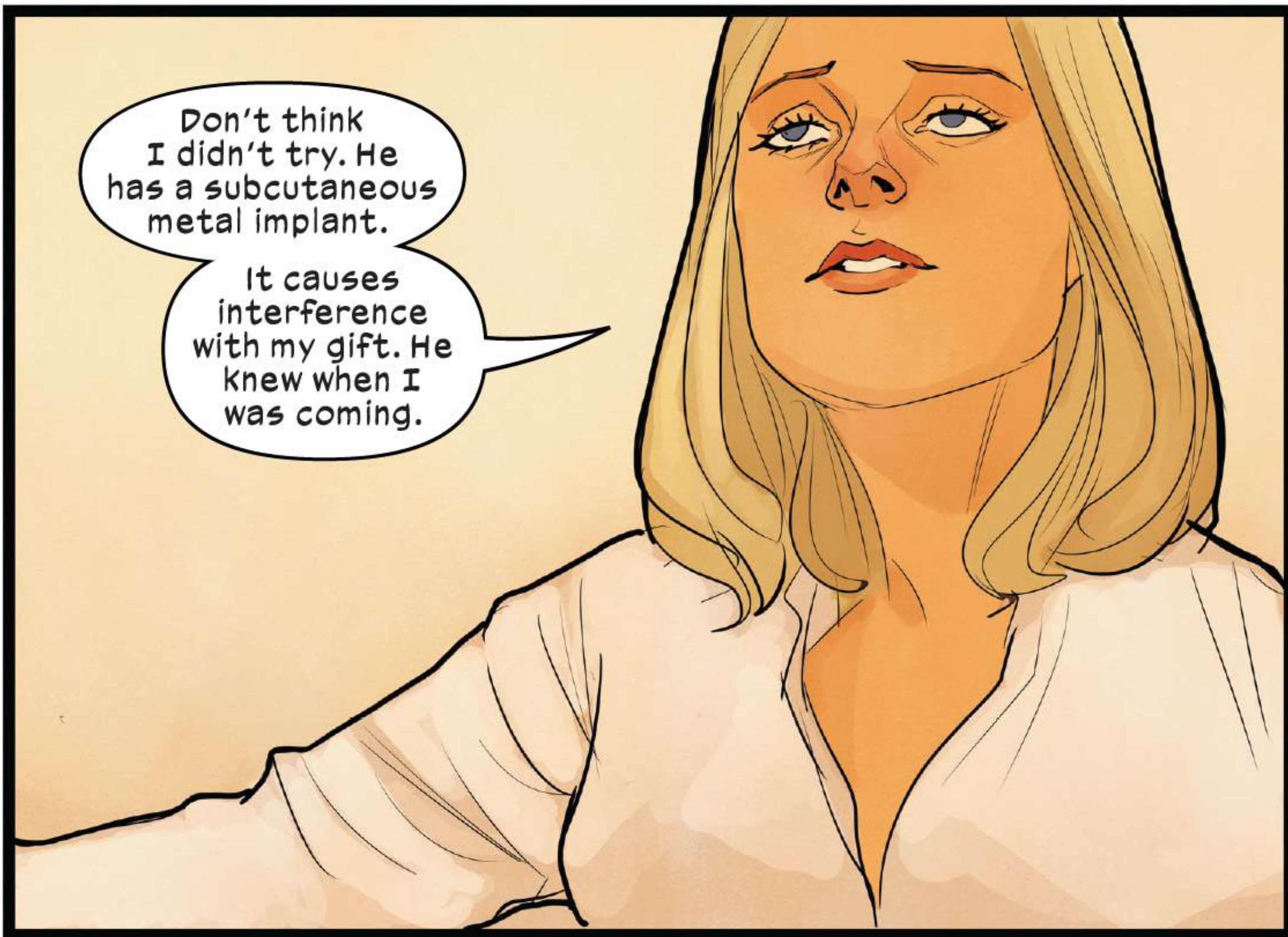
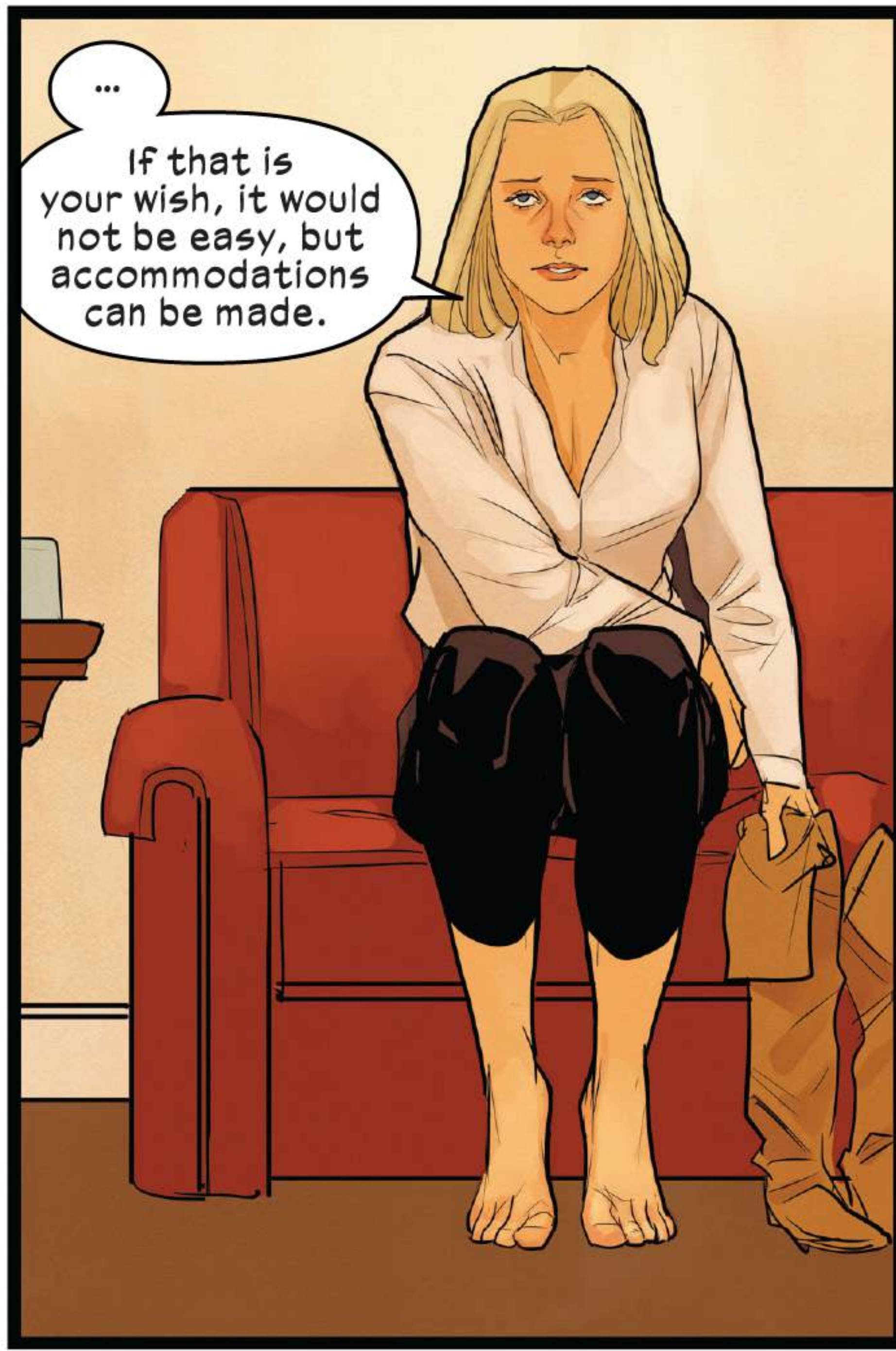
Oh, darling.
Ha. I've been
in far worse
jams.

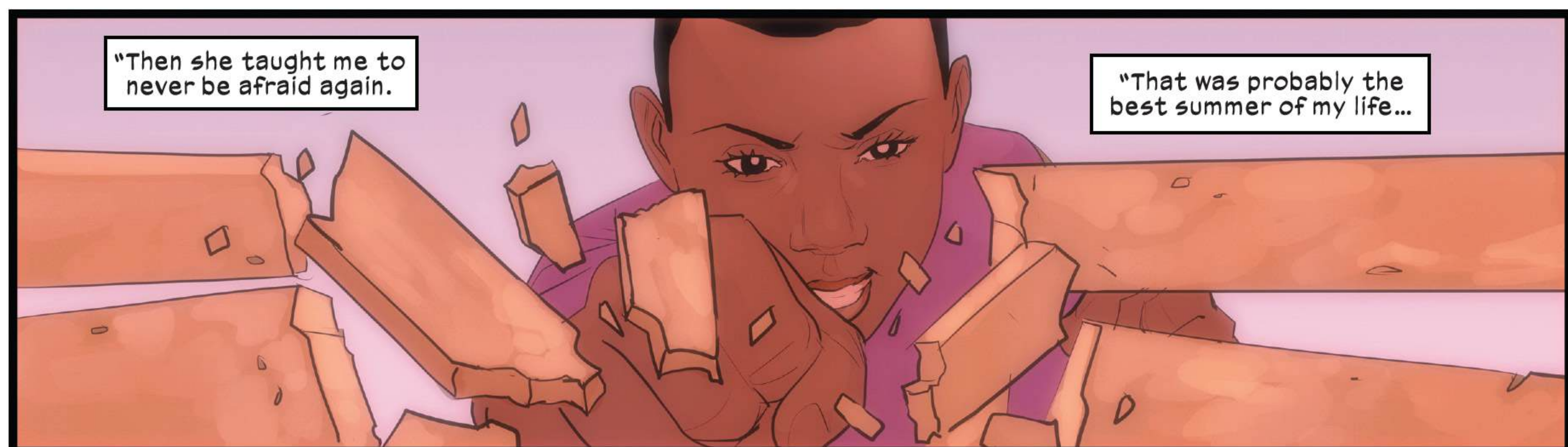
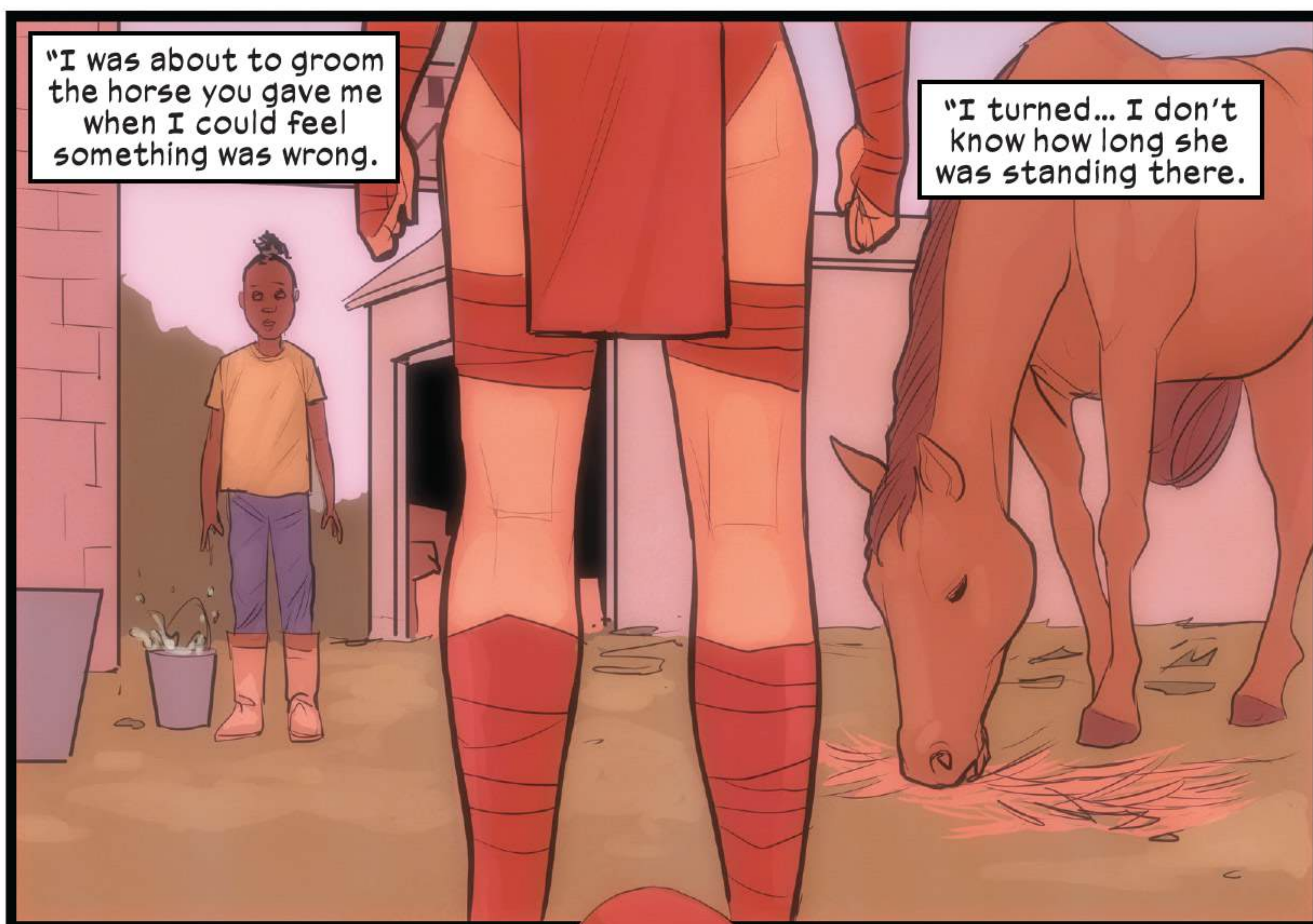


However, I
appreciate your
directness.

It would be
helpful if you were
to return to New York
with me, yes.

Afterward,
if you don't wish to
return here, I'll set
you up wherever
you'd like.











That's where our door out of here is.

I've got what I wanted, and I'm clearing the rest of the building.

GET OFF!

WHAK

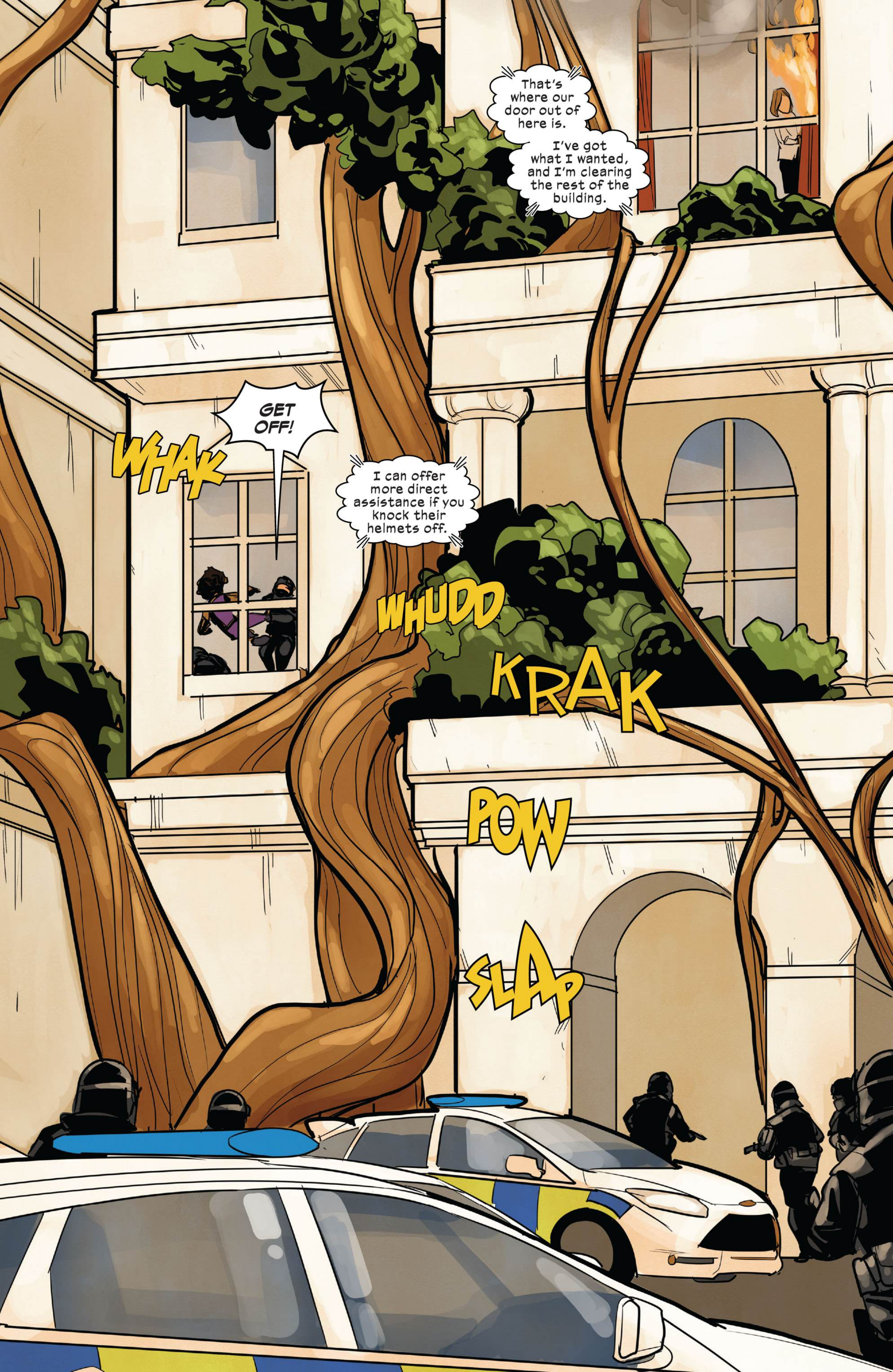
I can offer more direct assistance if you knock their helmets off.

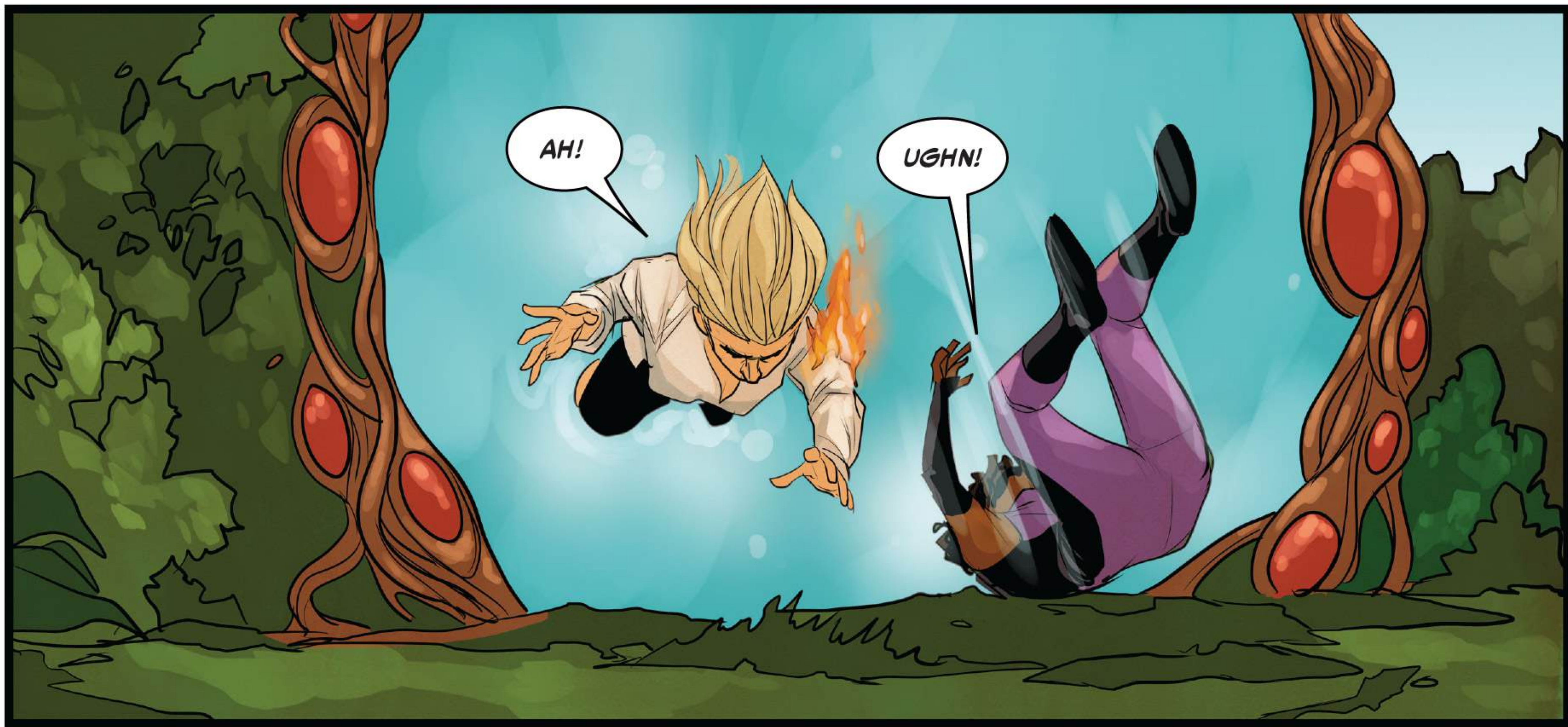
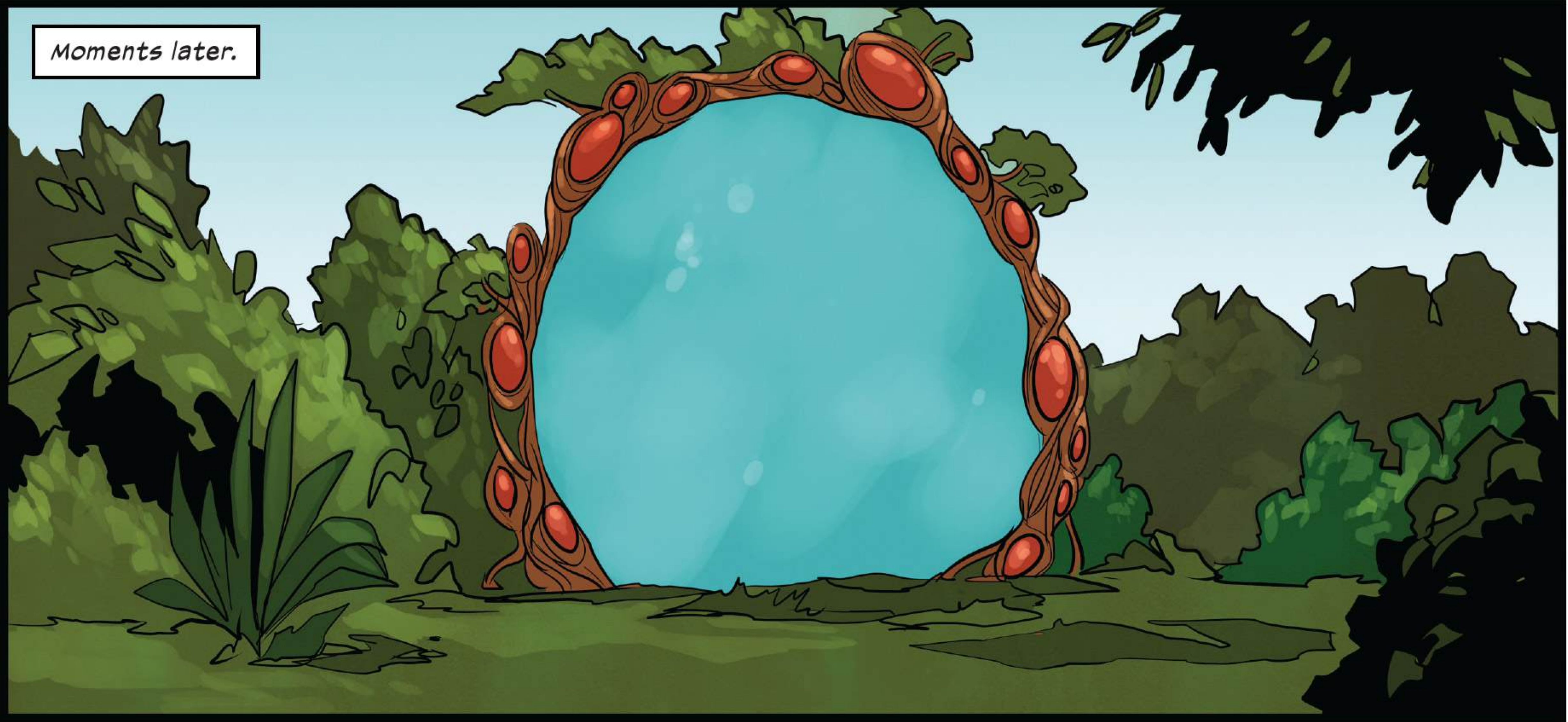
WHUDD

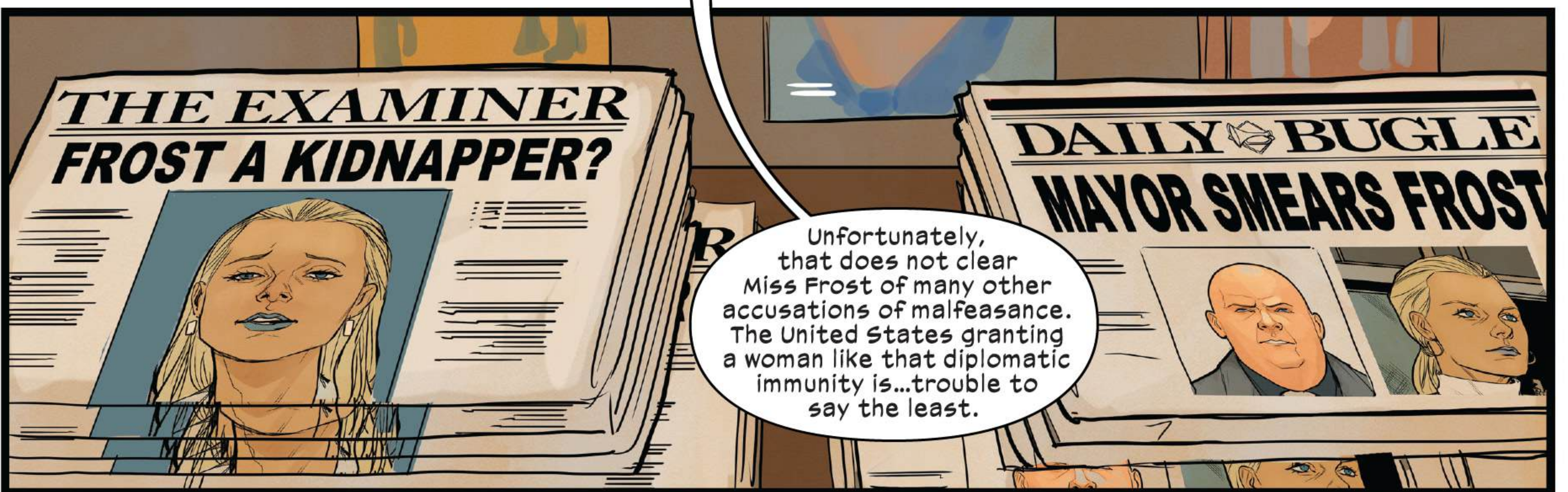
KRAK

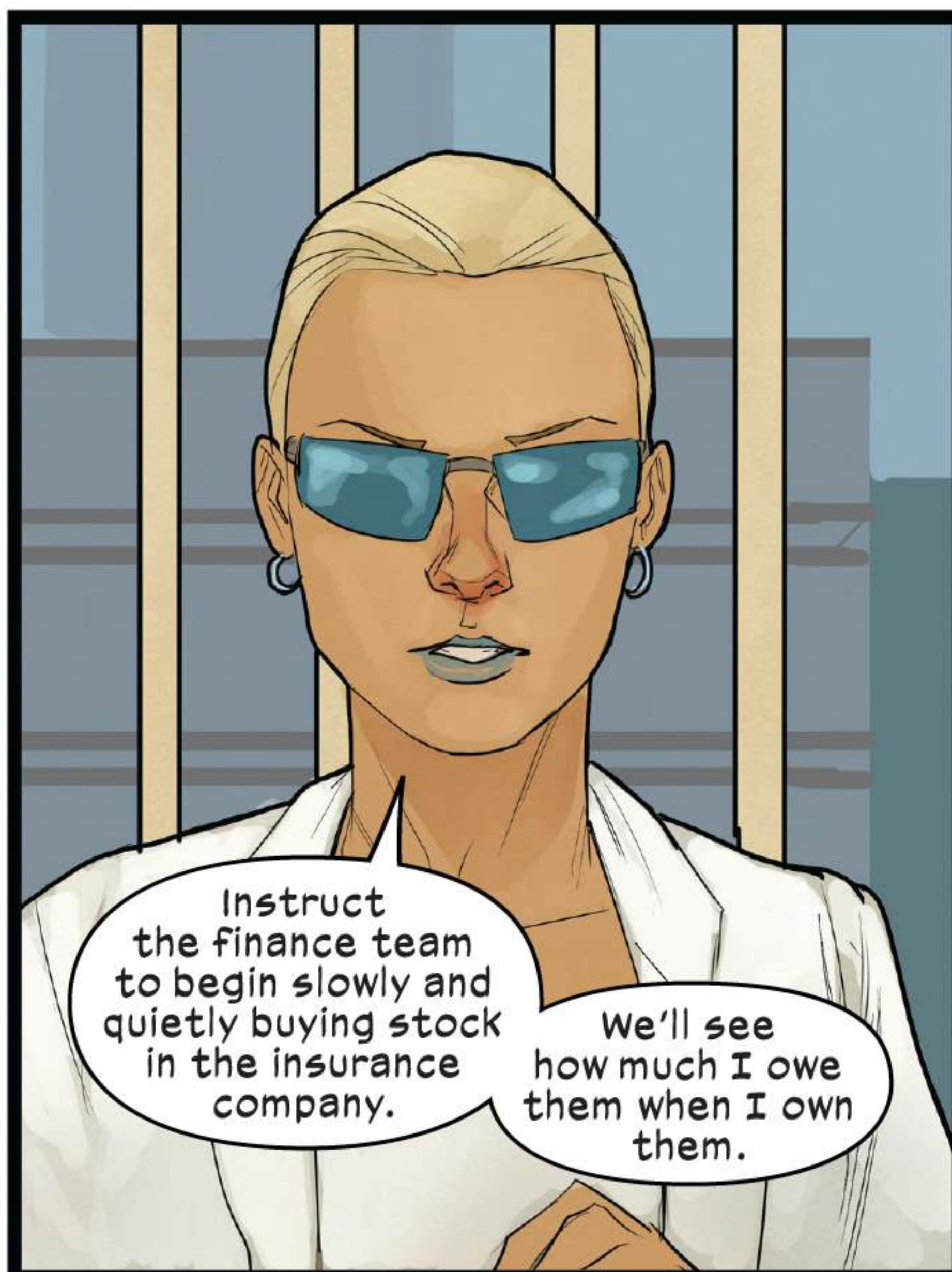
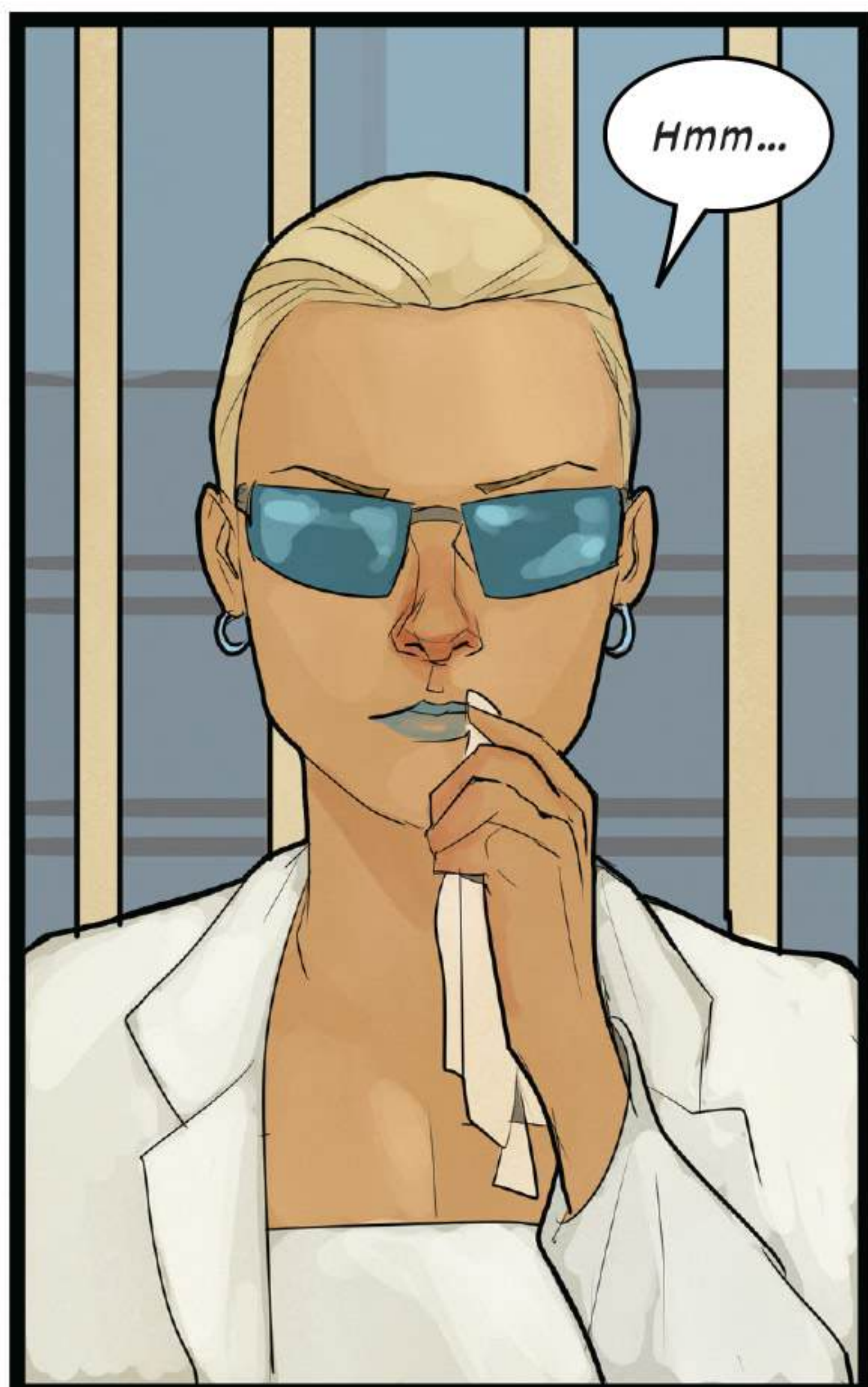
POW

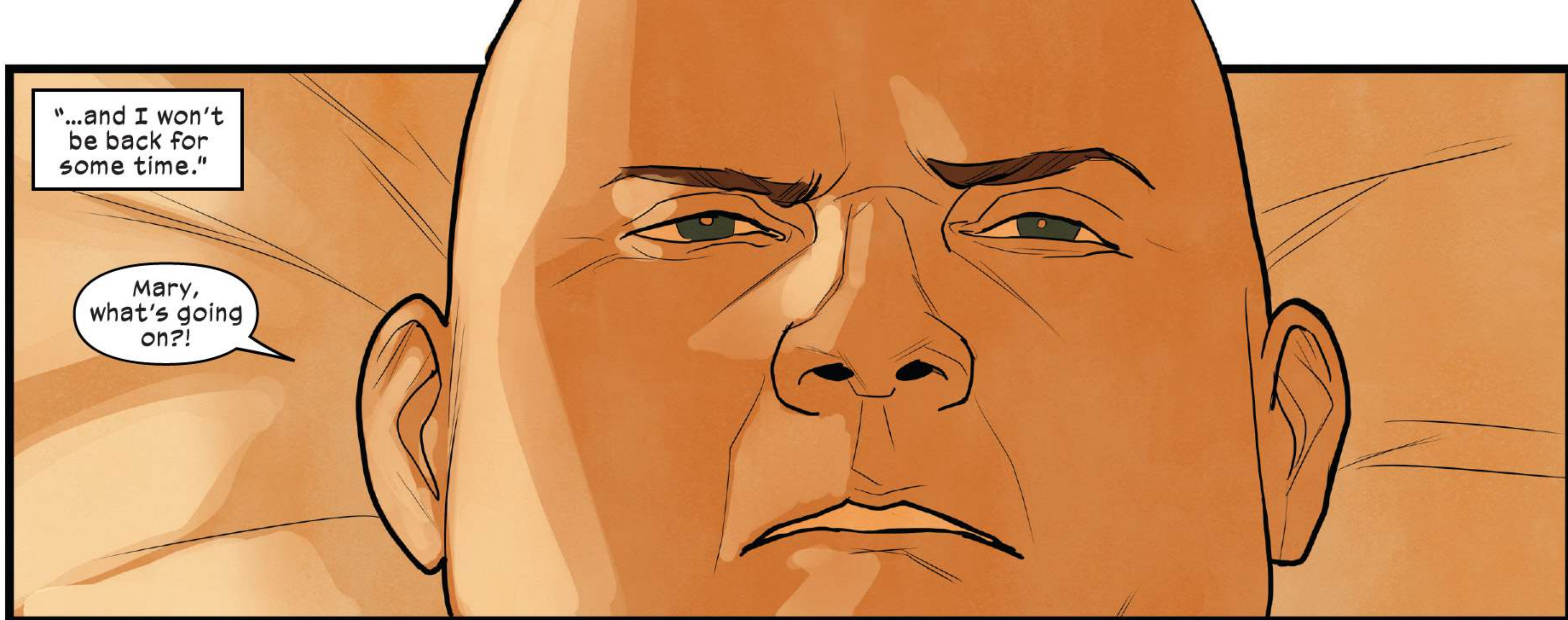
SLAP











"...and I won't be back for some time."

Mary, what's going on?!



Emma.

How dare you use my wife to put a blade across my neck.



It's okay... I perused her mind... *she's done this before.*

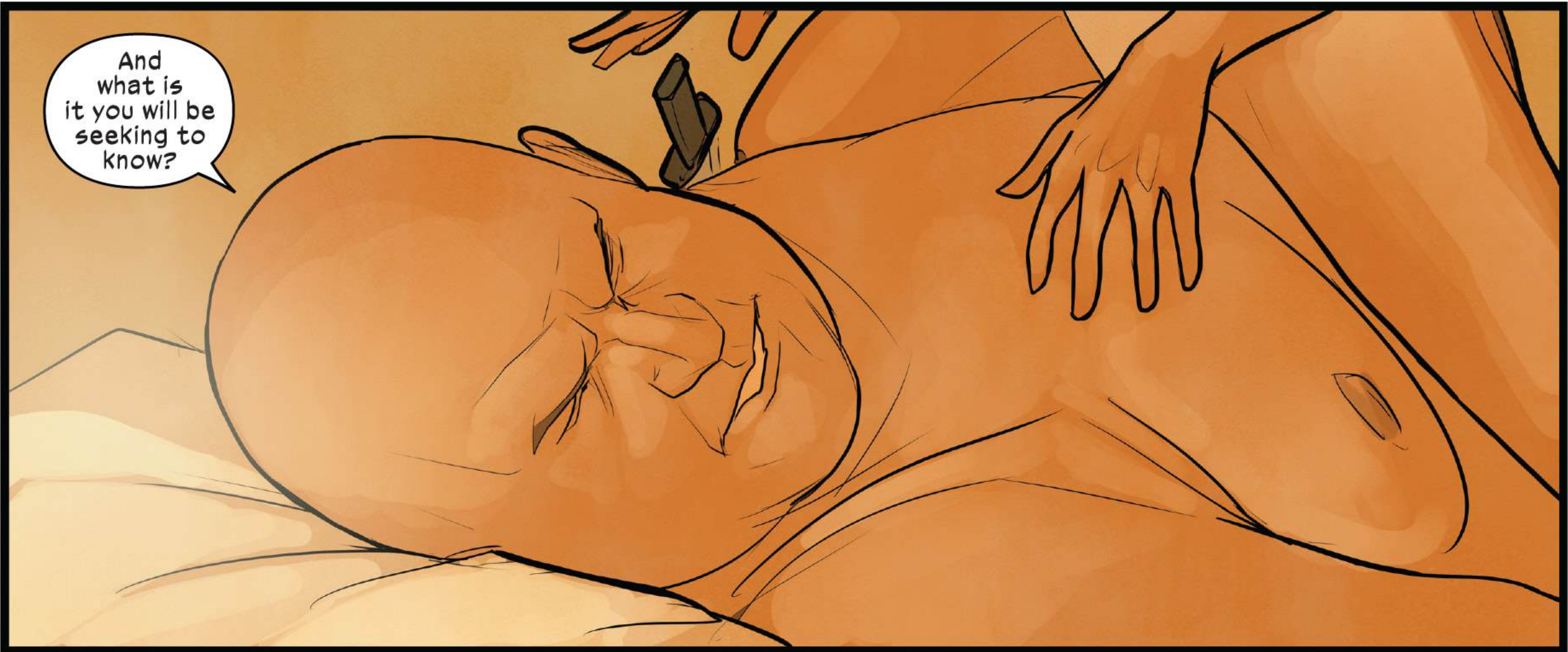
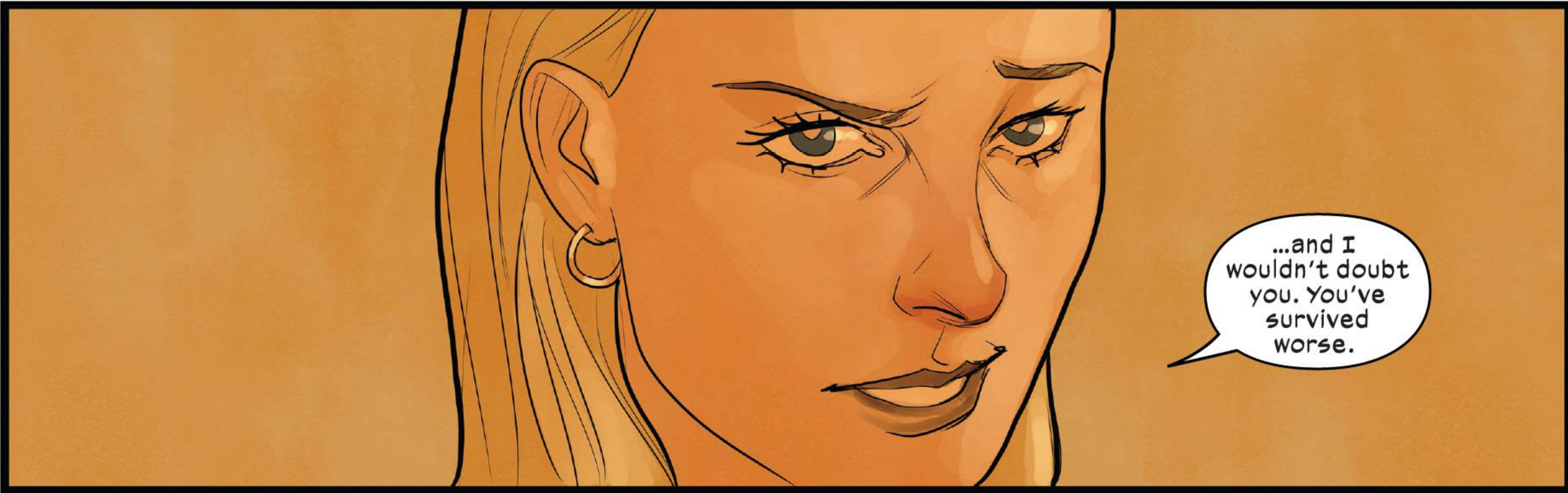
But don't get excited, darling. I'm just passing through.

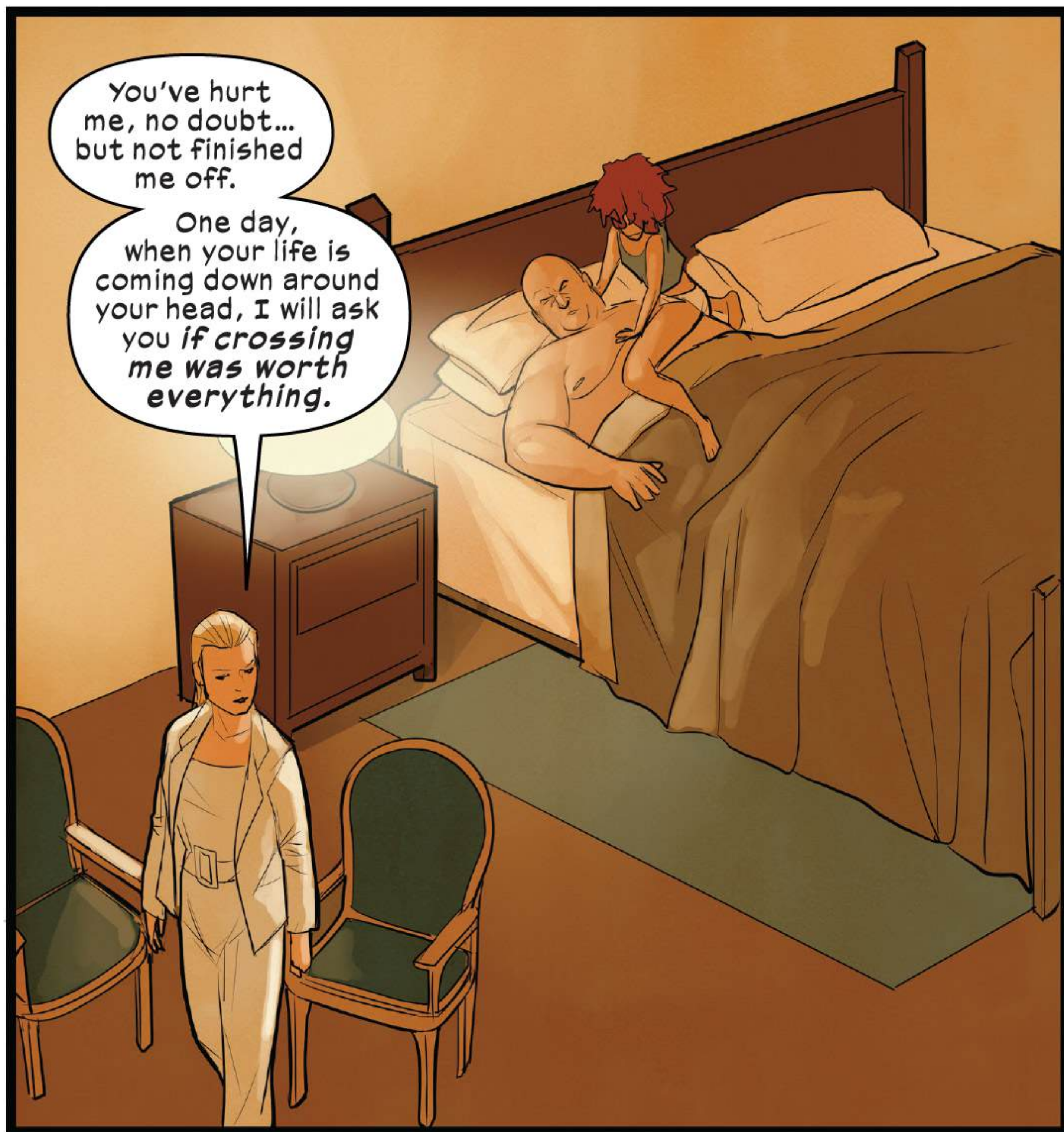


You must be close by to have dominated Mary so effectively.



Closer than you think, Willie.



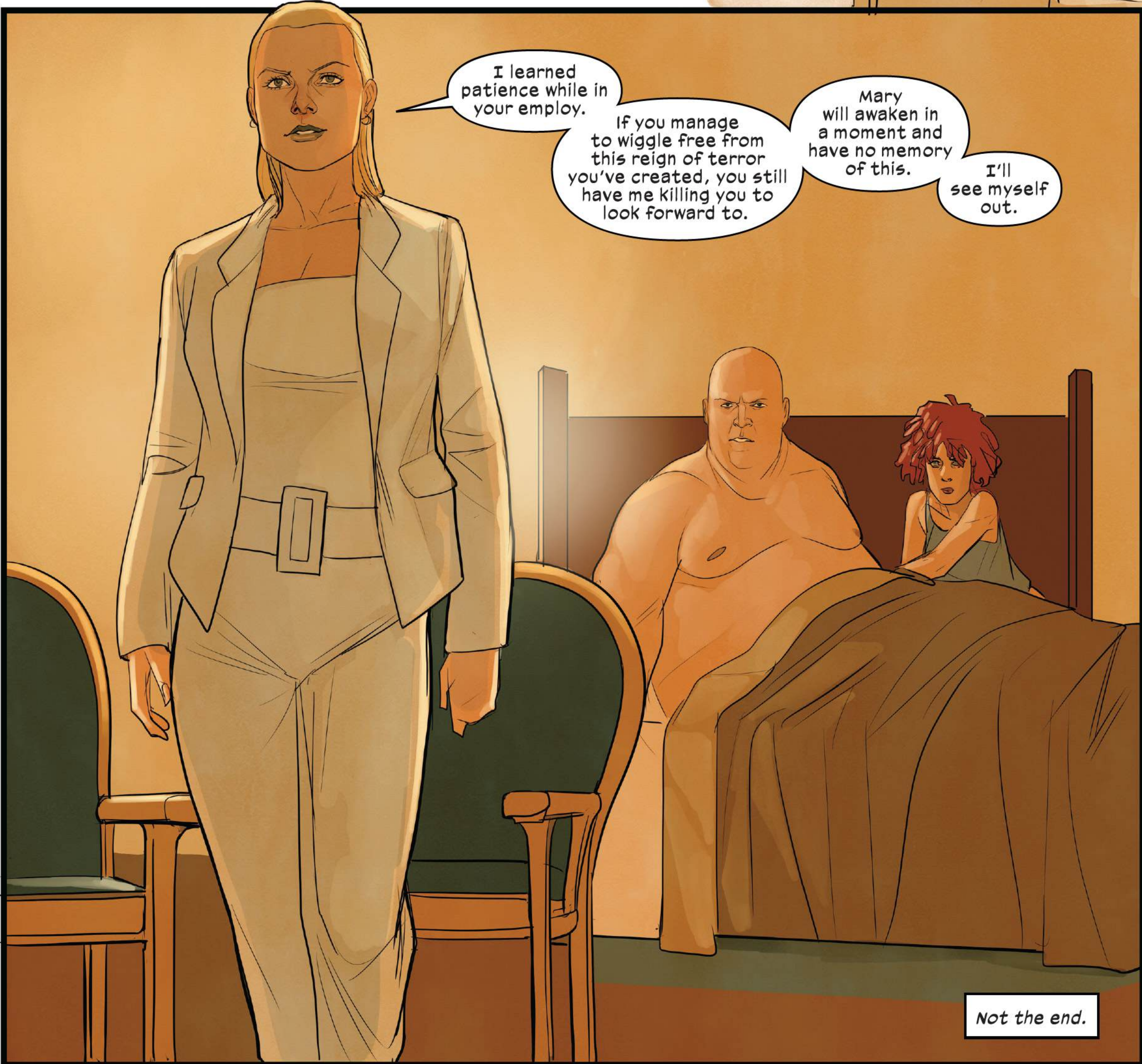


You've hurt me, no doubt... but not finished me off.

One day, when your life is coming down around your head, I will ask you *if crossing me was worth everything.*



I could be anyone around you at any time...you won't see me coming until I want you to.



I learned patience while in your employ.

If you manage to wiggle free from this reign of terror you've created, you still have me killing you to look forward to.

Mary will awaken in a moment and have no memory of this.

I'll see myself out.

Not the end.

DR

WINTER SOLDIER



NO OUTLAW HAS EVADED JUSTICE MORE THAN **WILSON FISK**, FORMERLY THE KINGPIN OF A VAST CRIMINAL EMPIRE THAT TOUCHED EVERY CORNER OF NEW YORK CITY (AND BEYOND). NOW THE DULY ELECTED MAYOR OF NEW YORK, FISK HAS TRIED TO WASH HIS HANDS OF HIS OLD LIFE--AND THE BLOODSHED IT BORE.

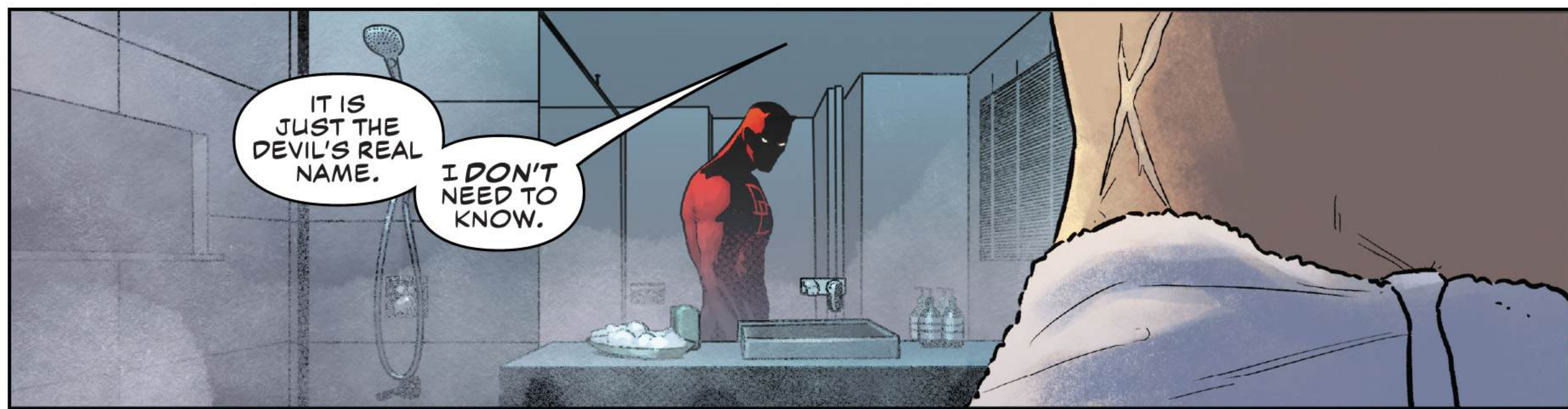
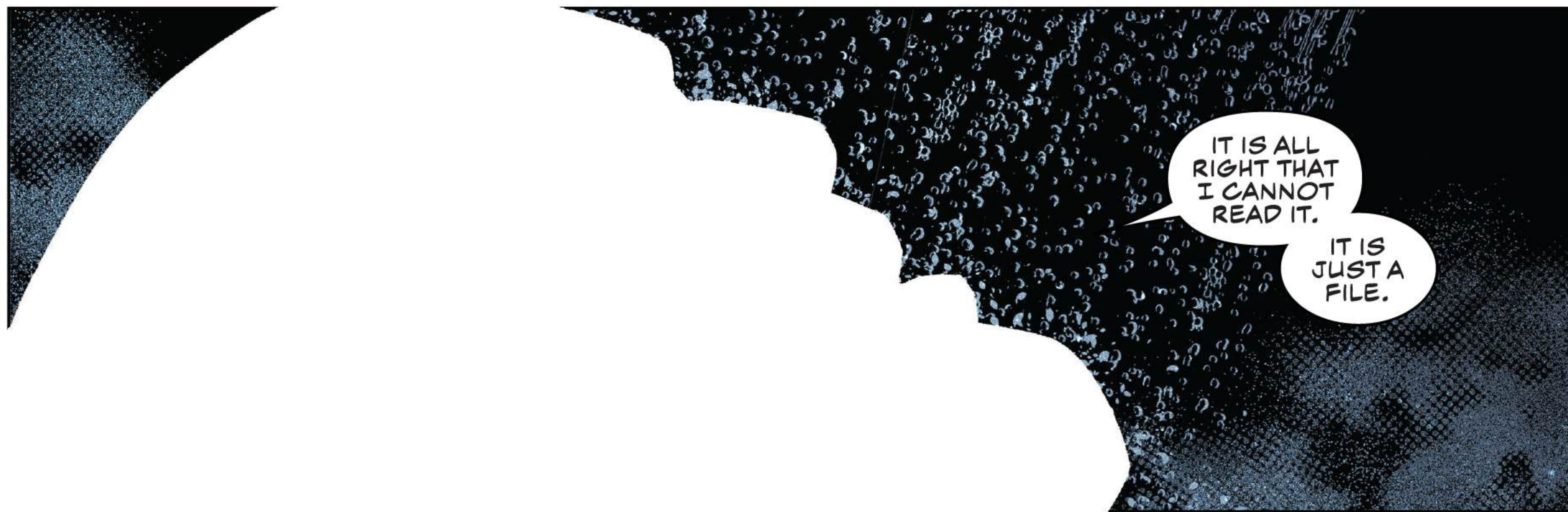
BUT THE STEPS THAT **DAREDEVIL** TOOK TO SUPERNATURALLY CONCEAL HIS TRUE IDENTITY AS **MATT MURDOCK** HAVE BEEN SLOWLY DRIVING FISK INTO MADNESS, LEADING HIM TO SET HIS IRE UPON THE CITY AND EVERY COSTUMED VIGILANTE IN IT. AS PART OF HIS WAR ON SUPER HEROES, HE'S COMPILED AN IMPRESSIVE STACK OF DOSSIERS ON HIS ENEMIES--AND FOR SOMEONE WHO'S FORGOTTEN AS MUCH OF HIS LIFE AS **BUCKY BARNES** HAS, THERE'S NOTHING MORE VALUABLE THAN INFORMATION...

DEVIL'S REIGN

★ WINTER ★ SOLDIER









★ IT'S BEEN THREE WEEKS SINCE I ACTUALLY SLEPT.

SLEEP.

YOU WANT TO SLEEP.



I'VE BEEN RUNNING FOR SO LONG. FIGHTING THIS DAMNED WAR FOR LONGER.



WHEN I DIE, I HALF-EXPECT MY BODY TO KEEP MOVING. I DON'T THINK IT KNOWS HOW TO STOP.

ALL IT REALLY KNOWS IS THE MISSION.



I USED TO FIND COMFORT IN THAT.



...I DON'T... NEED...

...TO...

BUT THESE DAYS?



THESE
DAYS I LIVE
AWAKE.



I'D DONE A WEEK
WITHOUT SLEEP
BEFORE. BACK
IN SRI LANKA.

I THOUGHT
THAT WAS A RECORD.
HAD NO PARTICULAR
INTEREST IN
BREAKING IT.



BUT
HERE
I AM.

THREE WEEKS
SINCE I GOT
ANYTHING CLOSE
TO REST.



EVEN THOUGH
THERE'S NO ONE
TO FIGHT. NO
MISSION TO RUN.

BY THE
WORLD'S RULES,
I COULD JUST
BE JAMES
"BUCKY" BARNES
FOR A WHILE.



BUT MY MIND
DOESN'T PLAY
BY THE WORLD'S
RULES.



IT DWELLS
ON THE
PAST.



IT LIGHTS
UP WHEN
DARKNESS
FALLS.

CLICK



I CAN'T
SLEEP.
HAVEN'T
FOR WEEKS.



BUT I'VE
SURE AS
HELL STARTED
TO DREAM.

MY DREAMS
ALWAYS START
IN THE DARK.

MY EYES OPEN
TO A WORLD
I DIDN'T
ASK FOR.

I SEE BLOOD,
IN POOLS AND IN RAIN.
IN TEARS DOWN THE EVER
CHANGING FACES OF
PEOPLE I ONLY MET ONCE.
WHEN I WAS THE LAST
PERSON THEY EVER MET.

MY
CONSEQUENCES.

FOR A MOMENT,
LIKE A DEEP
BREATH, I
GLIMPSE THOSE
IMPOSSIBLE
SKIES ABOVE
MER-Z-BOW.

IF I CAN REACH FAR
ENOUGH, IF I CAN EXTEND
MY FINGERS, I CAN TOUCH
HER. ANOTHER MOMENT,
AND I SEE VENTOLIN'S
SMILE. I WILL BE HEALED.

BUT I CAN'T
TAKE FLIGHT.
MY ARM IS NO
WING. IT'S A
WEIGHT...

...AND
I FALL.

I'M
FREEZING
AND I
FALL.

I'M NO
ONE AND
I FALL.

I'M
STEVE.

AND I
FALL.

BUT I
NEVER
SLEEP.



I PULL IT
TOGETHER. I
PROMISE MYSELF
TONIGHT WILL
BRING ME PEACE.



BECAUSE ACCORDING
TO MY CONNECTIONS
IN INTELLIGENCE AND
SUPER VILLAIN CIRCLES,
FISK HAS FILES.

FILES ON HEROES.
ON THEIR FRIENDS.
SECRET IDENTITIES.
SECRET MISSIONS.
SECRET HISTORIES.

AND MINE
IS INSIDE
THIS DAMN
MANSION.



EVERY OFFICIAL RECORD OF
MY LIFE HAS BEEN ANNIHILATED
FROM EVERY ARCHIVE. VIRTUALLY
ANYONE INVOLVED HAS DIED IN
OBSCURITY OR BEEN KILLED
TO PROTECT THE PAST.

THOSE CONSEQUENCES. THE
ONES IN MY DREAMS. THE ONES
I SEE IN THE DARK EVEN NOW. I
DON'T KNOW MOST OF THEIR
NAMES. I BARELY KNOW WHO I
WAS. OR WHY I DID WHAT I DID.

MAYBE THAT'S WHY
THEY'RE HAUNTING ME.
MAYBE THAT'S WHY THEY
WON'T LET ME SLEEP.



THIS FILE
MIGHT BE MY
LAST CHANCE
TO KNOW
THE TRUTH.

EVEN IF IT'S
LIKELY STAINED
IN EVEN MORE
BLOOD.



BECAUSE I
DIDN'T BREAK MY
PROGRAMMING. I
DIDN'T GIVE MYSELF
THIS SECOND
CHANCE AT LIFE.



STEVE DID. A
FLASH OF THE
COSMIC CUBE
AND ALL WAS
FORGIVEN.



BUT FORGIVING
MYSELF REQUIRES
SOMETHING ELSE.



UNDERSTANDING.



I NEED TO
KNOW WHAT I
WAS. ALL OF
WHAT I WAS.

I NEED TO
FINALLY LOOK
THE PAST
IN THE EYE.

I SNAP MY
RACING MIND
INTO FOCUS.

NO GOOD
BREAKING INTO
GRACIE MANSION IF I
JUST END UP CAUGHT
AND SURROUNDED
BY COPS.

AND IN THAT
FOCUS, THE ALARM
BELLS IN MY HEAD
START RINGING.

'CAUSE THIS
IS WRONG.
ALL WRONG.

THIS IS THE HOUSE OF THE
MAYOR OF NEW YORK CITY.
EVEN WITH THE SURVEILLANCE
SYSTEMS DOWN, THERE
SHOULD STILL BE SECURITY.
EVERY DOOR AND WINDOW
SHOULD BE GUARDED.

EXCEPT THEY
AREN'T. NOT
TONIGHT.

I SEE THE BODIES
EVERYWHERE.
MY DREAMS
BLEEDING INTO
MY REALITY.

THIS PLACE STINKS
LIKE DEATH...AND I
HAVE TO WONDER IF
THAT'S JUST MY MIND,
REMINDING ME OF
WHO I TRULY AM.

FOCUS,
BUCKY.

THE FEAR'S
IN YOUR MIND.
THE DEATH'S
BEHIND YOU.

JUST.

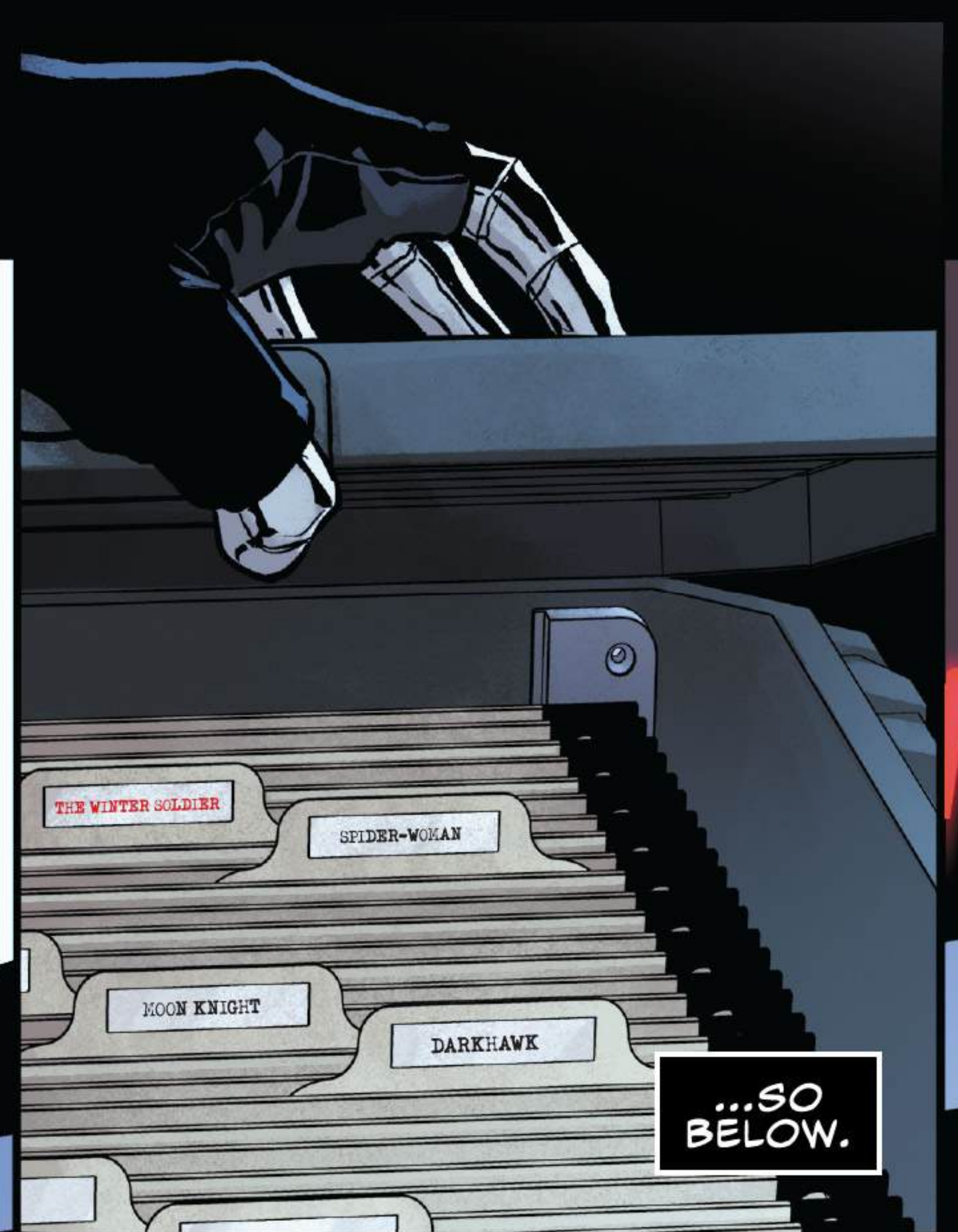
MOVE.

FORWARD.

Don't
forget,
James.

YOU'RE
GOING TO
LOSE ME
TOO.

INTO THE
VAULT.







YOU KNOW WHO I AM. YOU AND I, WE'RE ON OPPOSITE SIDES OF A LINE, BUT WE DON'T HAVE TO BE ENEMIES, NOT TODAY. I'M ONLY HERE FOR MY FILE.

I CAN PAY.



I HAD A HOUSE IN INDIANA. SPRAWLING. A PLACE FOR...DOGS AND SWEET TEA.

I SOLD IT. THE HOUSE, THE PROPERTY. CONVERTED IT ALL TO CASH THAT I CAN PUT IN YOUR HAND.



THIS FILE IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN MY HAPPY ENDING.

FISK... I JUST WANT TO SLEEP.



HE'S NOT RESPONDING.

WHY IS HE JUST STANDING THERE?



WHY ARE HIS EYES...?



SLEEPWALKING. IRONIC.

HE PROBABLY HAS NO IDEA I'M EVEN HERE.

THAT MUST BE WHY THE HOUSE HAS BEEN CLEARED AND SECURITY EVACUATED. NO ONE CAN SEE THE KING WITHOUT CLOTHES. BUT IF THAT'S THE CASE...



...WHY ARE HIS FISTS COVERED IN BLOOD?



I DON'T NEED TO KNOW!

GOD. OH GOD.

I WASN'T
IMAGINING
THE BODIES.





WHY CAN'T I...?

MY JAW'S BROKE. FRACTURED ON IMPACT.

WHY CAN'T I SEE?



I'D HEARD WILSON FISK WAS STRONG.



I HAD NO IDEA.

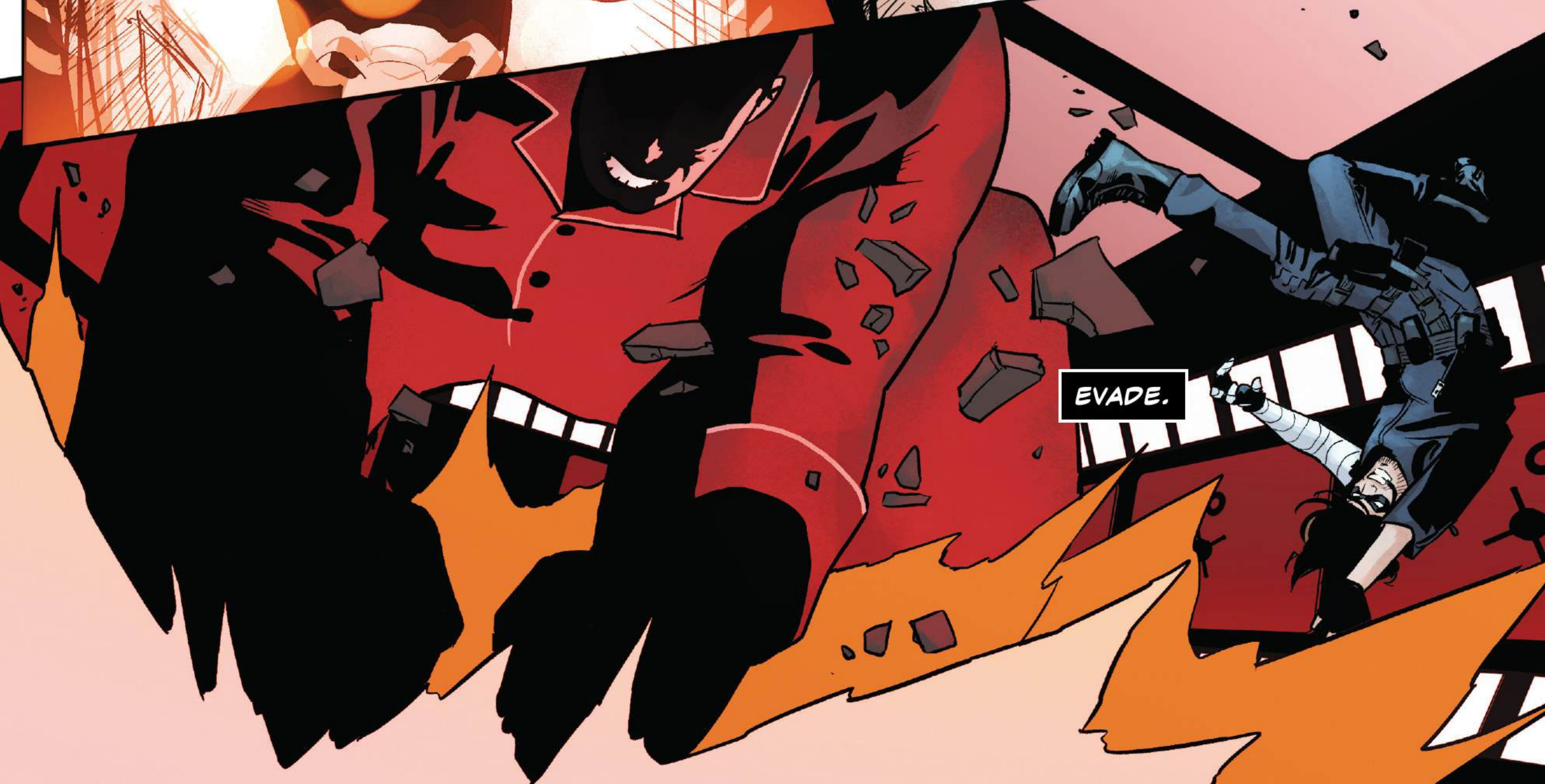


THE PANIC SETS IN. THE EXHAUSTION RISES TO MATCH IT.

AND THEN, FINALLY...

...THE TRAINING HITS.

FOCUS.



EVADE.

ACQUIRE.

MOVE.

**I CAN'T
SEE IT!**

FISK
GOES
QUIET.

I LET MYSELF
HOPE HE'S AWAKE.
OR FINALLY OFF
HIS FEET.

I LET
MYSELF
HOPE.



**BUT I
CAN SEE
YOU!**



MARY...
WHERE...
WHERE ARE
YOU, MARY...?

YOU'RE ALL
THAT MATTERS
NOW. JUST YOU...
AND I... AFTER
HE'S DEAD.



AFTER
I CAN
READ IT.



WAKE UP,
FISK!

IT'S ALL
A BAD--



HE TAKES
MY ARM
IN HIS.

THE ARM
THAT HELD
HER.



YOUR SECRETS
ARE MINE...
DEVIL.

KRACH



...YOU...YOUR
VIGILANTE
FRIENDS...

...NAKED
WITHOUT YOUR
SECRETS.



AND
WITHOUT
YOUR
ARMOR...

...YOU'LL
TEAR SO
EASILY.







BUT THEN
THE CEILING
BEGINS
TO GO.



AND I
REALIZE THIS
MIGHT BE IT.

DIE
FOR ME,
DEVIL.



MY
TRAINING IS
SCREAMING.
COMPLETE
THE
MISSION.

BUT I CAN
RUN AS HARD
AS I WANT.
IF I LET UP,
EVEN A
LITTLE...



...IF I
LET THE
FEAR
IN...

...IF I STOP
PRETENDING TO
BE ANYTHING BUT
A KILLER WITH A
HERO'S FACE...

...AND
LET THE
NIGHTMARE
WIN...



...THEN MAYBE
I CAN FINALLY
SLEEP.





I'VE LOST
MOST OF MY
BLOOD BY THE
TIME I GET TO
THE ALLEY.

I'M
RUNNING
ON FEAR.

AND
DREAD.

BUT THERE'RE NO
CAMERAS ON THIS
BLOCK. NO MARKETS.
QUIET OVERPASS.

LEGS CAN
STILL SIT.
EYES CAN
STILL SEE.

I DID THIS
TO LEARN
THE TRUTH.

TO SEE EVERY KILL.
TO KNOW EVERY PERSON
I WRONGED. AND WHO
MADE ME PULL THE TRIGGER.
SO I STEEL MYSELF FOR
THE TRUTH BEHIND THE
WINTER SOLDIER.

BUT
IT'S NOT
HIS FILE.

IT'S
MINE.

JIM BARNES

JAMES BUCHANAN BARNES

FISK DIDN'T COMPILE THIS--HE STOLE IT FROM SOMEONE ELSE. SOMEONE MORE POWERFUL.

THEY NEVER IDENTIFY THEMSELVES, BUT THEIR NOTES ON ME BEGIN WHEN I'M BORN.

THEY HAVE FILES ON MY FATHER, MY MOTHER. THEY HAVE MY REPORT CARDS. THEY KNOW I FAILED CHEMISTRY.

AFTER MY DAD'S DEATH, THEY ASSIGNED ME TO LEHIGH.

THEY PUT ME IN THE COSTUME. THE FIRST ONE. WITH THE STAR ON THE BELT. AND THEY INTRODUCE ME TO STEVE.

WHEN I DIE, IT'S A MINOR SETBACK. ONCE I'M RECYCLED THROUGH DEPARTMENT X AND THE STAR'S ON MY ARM, THEY PICK UP WHERE THEY LEFT OFF.

I KILL 374 PEOPLE FOR THEM OVER 78 OPERATIONAL YEARS.

WITH ONLY 91 KILLS AS PART OF THE WINTER SOLDIER PROGRAM.

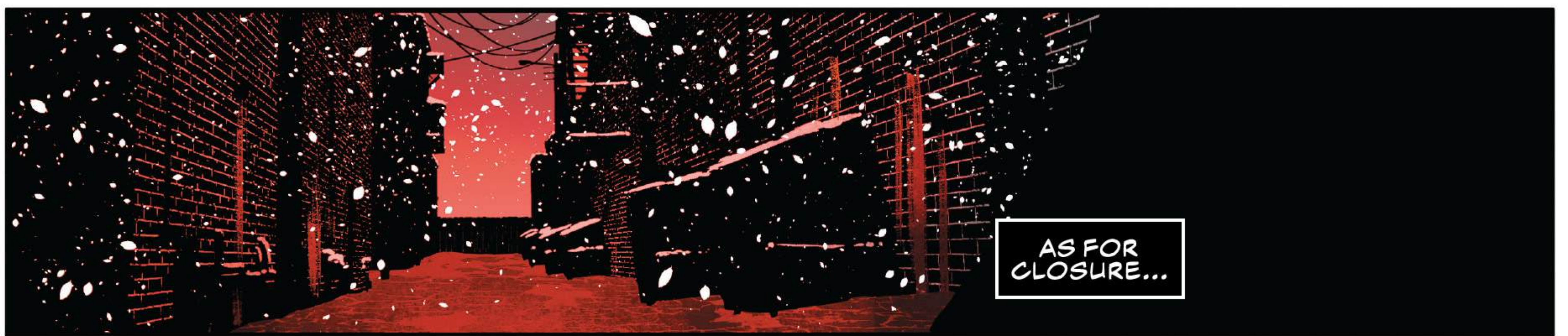
THEY LIST ME AS ACTIVE DUTY, LIKE I'M STILL WORKING FOR THEM. LIKE I'M STILL THE SOLDIER. LIKE I NEVER STOPPED.

BECAUSE MAYBE I DIDN'T. MAYBE I'M STILL PLAYING THEIR GAME.

AFTER A NIGHT IN HELL, IT'S NOT CLOSURE I FIND IN THAT FILE.

IT'S A TRAIL OF DEAD.





“...I’LL SLEEP WHEN THEY’RE DEAD.”

CONTINUED IN
CAPTAIN AMERICA: SENTINEL OF LIBERTY!





DEVIL'S REIGN: X-MEN #1 VARIANT BY **SCOTT WILLIAMS** & **SEBASTIAN CHENG**



DEVIL'S REIGN: X-MEN #2 VARIANT BY **JAVIER GARRÓN** & **JESUS ABURTOV**



DEVIL'S REIGN: X-MEN #3 VARIANT BY **GERALD PAREL**



DEVIL'S REIGN: WINTER SOLDIER VARIANT BY **TAKASHI OKAZAKI** & **FELIPE SOBREIRO**

THE QUEEN'S REIGN!



“A compelling addition to the tapestry of the Marvel Universe.”

— COMICON



Emma Frost has many skeletons in her closet, but only one of them is currently Mayor of New York City. Now, in the midst of the chaos of **DEVIL'S REIGN**, the truth about the **White Queen's** secret past with the **Kingpin** of Crime may be about to come to light! It turns out that attending fancy **Hellfire Club** soirees was not the naughtiest thing Emma was up to in the time before she joined the **X-Men**, and her dirty deeds are coming back to haunt her in a big way! **Plus:** As Fisk gathers information on super heroes, how far will **Bucky Barnes** go to steal the file on his own shadowy, half-remembered past as the **Winter Soldier**? What horrible revelation awaits him in its pages?

COLLECTING *DEVIL'S REIGN: X-MEN #1-3* AND *DEVIL'S REIGN: WINTER SOLDIER* — BY GERRY DUGGAN, COLLIN KELLY, JACKSON LANZING, PHIL NOTO, NICO LEON AND FELIPE SOBREIRO.

T+

MARVEL